Brad Pitt Ed Norton

Directed by David Fincher

FIGHT CLUB

by

Jim Uhls

based on the novel by

Chuck Palahniuk

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SCREEN BLACK

JACK (V.O.)
People were always asking me, did I know Tyler Durden.

FADE IN:

EXT. ROOF OF HIGH-RISE BUILDING - DAY

TYLER has the barrel of a HANDGUN lodged in JACK'S MOUTH. Jack holds an ELECTRONIC DEVICE with a BUTTON. Distant sound of HELICOPTERS.

JACK (V.O.)
I would say we were more than acquaintances. Actually, for a long time, we were best friends.

They are both around 30; Tyler is blond, handsome, eyes burning with frightening intensity; and JACK, brunette, is appealing in a dry, frazzled sort of way.

Sound of HELICOPTERS in the distance. The two men struggle intensely. Tyler pushes Jack down against a ledge so that he's half-hanging over the side. Jack has to stop struggling. Tyler holds him there.

TYLER
We won't really die. We'll be immortal. We won't grow old.

JACK
oor -- ee-ee -- uh -- aa-i --

JACK (V.O.)
With a gun barrel jammed between your teeth, you speak only in vowels.

Tyler allows Jack to tongue the barrel to the side of his mouth.

JACK
(still distorted)
You're thinking of vampires.

TYLER
I'm thinking of us. We'll be legend. Forever.

Tyler's other hand tries to grab the device.

JACK (V.O.)
With my tongue, I can feel the silencer holes we drilled into the barrel of the gun. Most of the noise a gunshot makes is expanding gases and there's the tiny sonic boom a bullet makes because it travels so fast.

Tyler checks his watch.

TYLER
Three minutes.

JACK (V.O.)
The building we're standing on won't be here in three minutes. You take a 98-percent concentration of fuming nitric acid and add three times as much sulfuric acid in a bathtub full of ice. Then, glycerin was added drop-by-drop with an eye dropper. You have nitroglycerin. I know this because Tyler knows this. Mix the nitro with sawdust and you have a nice plastic explosive. A lot of folks prefer a quaint variation -- they mix their nitro with cotton and add Epson salts as a sulfate. All this how-to stuff isn't in any history books. Ask me how to make nerve gas. Oh, all those crazy car bombs.

Jack turns so that he can see down -- 191 STORIES. The streets are cordoned off by dozens of POLICE CARS.

JACK (V.O.)
Tyler and me at the edge of the roof, the gun in my mouth and all I can do is wonder how clean the barrel is.

The barrel almost slips out of Jack's mouth; Tyler jams it back in.

JACK (V.O.)
Take enough blasting gelatin and wrap the foundation columns, you can topple any building in the world.
(MORE)

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You have to tamp it good and tight with sandbags so the blast goes against the column and not out into the parking garage. The primary charge will blow the base charge, the columns will crumble and suddenly, this spot Tyler and I are at will be a point in the sky.

They watch as, from other office buildings on the same block, windows shatter outward and office furniture FLIES OUT into the air and falls -- desks, tables, computers, filing cabinets -- the latter of which open mid-fall and send out THOUSANDS of SHEETS of WHITE PAPER, which fall in lazy circles, like leaves.

JACK (V.O.)
We just totally forgot about Tyler's whole murder-suicide thing when we watched the space monkeys trashing the other buildings.

TYLER
This is our world now, our world. And those ancient people are dead.

Jack makes a grab for the device in Tyler's hand. He and Tyler get close together in their wrestling struggle. Jack's face goes against Tyler's chest.

JACK (V.O.)
If I knew how all this would turn out, I'd be more than happy to be dead and in Heaven right now.

TYLER
Two minutes.

JACK (V.O.)
I remember how it started. It's not really about Tyler.

MOVE IN ON JACK'S FACE.

JACK (V.O.)
It's about being a man.

SLOWLY PULL BACK from Jack's face. It's pressed against TWO LARGE BREASTS that belong to ... BOB, a big moose of a man, around 35 years old. Jack is engulfed by Bob's arms in an embrace. Bob weeps openly. His shoulders inhale themselves up in a long draw, then drop, drop, drop in jerking sobs. Jack gives Bob some squeezes in return, but his face is stone.

JACK (V.O.)
Bob had bitch tits.

PULL BACK TO WIDE ON

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

All the men are paired off, hugging each other, talking in emotional tones. Some pairs lean forward, heads pressed ear-to-ear, the way wrestlers stand, locked. Near the door, a temporary sign on a stand: "REMAINING MEN TOGETHER."

JACK (V.O.)
Despite the upbeat name, this was a support group for men with testicular cancer. The big moosie slobbering all over me was Bob.

BOB
I was a champion bodybuilder. I owned my own gym. I did product endorsements.

JACK
You were a six-time champion.

JACK (V.O.)
Bob always told me his life story. First time I came here, he heaved himself on me. Told me about the three marriages. Strangers with this kind of honesty make me go a big rubbery one. But, after months of getting used to Bob, I liked being his shoulder to cry on. The big cheesebread.

BOB
We're still men.

JACK
Yes. We're men. Men is what we are.

JACK (V.O.)
Bob cried because, six months ago, his testicles were removed. Then hormone therapy. He developed bitch tits because his testosterone ration was too high and it caused his body to up the estrogen. That was where my head fit -- into his sweating tits that hang enormous, the way we think of God's as big.

The Leader steps forward and signals everyone.

LEADER
Okay. Group hug.

Everyone converges into a cluster with arms thrown around shoulders, making a big mass of sobbing, smiling goodwill.

After a beat of this, Jack feels a NEW ARM slide against the back of his neck, over Bob's arm. He turns to see the face of MARLA.

MARLA
This is cancer, right?

She raises a cigarette to her lips and takes a drag. Jack and the other men gape at her, dumbfounded. The group hug lamely falls apart. Marla has short matte black hair and big, dark eyes like a character from Japanese animation.

But, that being said, her face is quite lovely and her wiry body, always in a defiant stance, exudes a compelling sexual promise. The Leader clears his throat.

LEADER
(stammering)
It's cancer, yes, but ...

JACK (V.O.)
While the rest of them stood there and remained men together, I stepped in.

Jack starts toward the door and beckons Marla to follow him. As they get away from the group, they speak privately:

JACK
Did you notice that you're the only woman here?

MARLA
Tough ratio. Bet you're glad you got first shot at me.

This throws Jack off-guard. He looks at her and backs into the temporary sign, knocking it over. Lamely trying to step around it, he steps directly onto the sign. Marla kneels down to look at the wording.

MARLA
"Remaining ... "

Jack jerks his foot out of the way.

MARLA
"Men Together." Oh, shit! "Onward and Upward" is tomorrow night. Sorry.

JACK
That's okay.

Jack kneels down to grab the sign. His eyes move from her bare kneeling legs, her dress hemline riding high on her thighs, up her arms, over her breasts, and to her eyes.

She helps him set the stand back up and put the sign on it. There's a palpable sexual tension between them. Marla stares at the sign again. She takes a long drag.

MARLA
What kind of cancer is this?

JACK
Testicular.

MARLA
Ouch. So, no one here has any balls?

She looks at Jack with a seemingly-blank, enigmatic expression. Is she making a mean joke or earnestly sympathetic? No way to tell. He stares back at her, flushing deep red. She turns and saunters away. He watches her go.

SCREEN GOES WHITE. The only sound is a CLICK and a PURRING SOUND. Jack's dreary face becomes clear, FILLING FRAME. His eyes hollow, dark-bordered. Another FLASH on his face.

JACK (V.O.)
Maybe I should start from the beginning.

WIDEN TO REVEAL

INT. COPY ROOM - DAY

Dimly lit. Jack is at one of dozens of copy machines lined up in rows. Each one has a fellow employee also making copies. Everyone's face has moments of being FLASHED from the glass below, all in varying rhythms. Over half of them sip from STARBUCKS "to-go" cups.

JACK (V.O.)
It all began with my sleeping disorder -- a combination of insomnia and narcolepsy.

Jack looks down at his two piles of paper -- one finished, the other yet to be copied. He doesn't know which is which and picks up paper from each stack, back and forth, unable to decide. He yawns.

JACK (V.O.)
I was never really asleep and never really awake. Nothing was real. Nothing could touch me. That's why I didn't cry when Bob cried. Everything was far away. Everything was a copy of a copy of a copy.

Jack's eyelids get heavy and close; his head droops ...

INT. OFFICE - DIVIDED CUBICLE - DAY

Jack, at his desk, SNAPS his head up, opening his eyes. We are immediately bathed in the dull glow of florescent light. Jack focuses on a blue NECKTIE right to the side of him.

JACK (V.O.)
The boss is wearing his corn flower blue tie. It must be a Tuesday.

Jack's gaze moves up the paunchy body to the balding head of his BOSS, a late-thirties yuppie climber who drips condescension from his tight smile.

BOSS
The copies of your reports -- I said "three hole paper."

Boss slams a massive stack of papers down on Jack's desk. He jabs three fingers in front of Jack's face. Then, he turns, surveys the room.

WIDEN ON OFFICE AREA -- and see an ocean of identical GRAY-BORDERED cubicles.

JACK (V.O.)
My workplace -- Floor-to-ceiling glass instead of walls. Industrial low-pile gray carpet. A maze of cubicles boxed in with fences of upholstered plywood. And computer monitors everywhere -- like tombstones.

BOSS
(clearing his throat)
Everyone? Listen up. Everyone.

Employee's faces lined with dreary haggardness turn from every cubicle and force a big fake smile at Boss -- except Jack, who stares blankly. His screensaver is a tombstone with "R.I.P."

JACK (V.O.)
Everyone smiles with that invisible gun to their head.

BOSS
You are all special individuals, unique in your own way.

JACK (V.O.)
He's full of pep today. Must've had his monthly coffee enema.

BOSS
That's what makes you also a great team. Right?

Fakey-cheerful responses in the affirmative.

BOSS
So, please, leave all your moral judgments and your other opinions OFF your reports. Like the guy in "Dragnet" says -- "Just the facts."

Boss forces a chuckle. A ripple of forced chuckles throughout the room comes back in response.

JACK (V.O.)
In the management handbook, that's called "levity as a discipline tool."

BOSS
When we talk over your report in person, then you can share with me your special insights.

JACK (V.O)
I was having a special insight. I knew when I got home that night I was going to do this:

CLOSE SHOT - JACK'S FACE

The shiny black barrel of a HANDGUN is jammed into his MOUTH. His eyes are blank and hollow in a disturbing way -- the look of someone who's really going to kill himself. He shuts his eyes and begins to squeeze the trigger. Then, he forces himself to pull the barrel back out of his mouth. He turns it to aim directly away from him. He squeezes the trigger. The sound is "TWANG."

WIDE ON:

INT. JACK'S CONDO - NIGHT

As a RUBBER DART slaps against the TELEVISION tube, sticking in place. Seven other darts are already there. A news broadcast plays.

The whole place is neatly ordered and shiny with cleanliness, furnished nattily with IKEA. There's a television in the kitchen showing a cooking program. Adding to this dissonance, a CD player offers Chopin death marches.

Jack pays no attention to any of the stimuli. He blankly shoots another dart, then he gets up and goes to the kitchen table. There's a cloth and an open bottle of cleaner sitting on the brilliantly-shining clean glass tabletop. Jack begins to wipe at the surface, compulsively polishing every inch over and over again. He dumps an excessive amount of cleaner onto the cloth and resumes.

JACK (V.O.)
"Home" was a condominium on the fifteenth floor of a high-rise, a sort of filing cabinet for widows and young professionals. Like everyone else I knew, I was a slave to the IKEA nesting instinct. We all used to sit on the john and read girlie magazines, now we read IKEA catalogs.

Suddenly, a TV news story catches his attention -- a "TRW" logo behind the newscaster:

NEWSCASTER
According to the latest figures from the credit reporting agency, TRW, the United States has the highest level of consumer debt than at any time in its history. Some economists have immediately reacted with strong warnings about the future --

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Where speakers pump in the Chopin, echoing off spotless tile. Jack sits on the toilet, speaking into the phone, holding a CREDIT CARD BILL, adjusting a STACK of other credit card bills on the floor with his foot.

JACK (V.O.)
So, I was trapped in my well-furnished nest -- the things I used to own wound up owning me.

JACK
Yes, but I transferred part of my balance to my Visa to get the lower rate. Oh, wait. No, it wasn't your Visa. It was a different Visa. Okay, I transferred all of the MasterCard ... to ... Look, can I just come down in person? I live here -- in Wilmington. Yes, here -- Delaware. All my credit cards have main headquarters here. I can see your building from my...

Jack looks through the window at a building.

JACK
... office. No? Why not? Why can't I come in and speak to an account rep? All right, look, I'll just call back when I get my next statement. Thank you.

Jack disconnects the call, sets the cordless down. He digs through a magazine holder beside the toilet; his hands rifle past one GIRLIE MAGAZINE after another until he finds his target -- an IKEA CATALOGUE.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Jack lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. He hears a FLY BUZZING. It zips around his head. He tries to swat it and hits his face. It moves away, but keeps buzzing. Jack continues to stare at the ceiling.

JACK (V.O.)
When you have insomnia, and you stare at the ceiling, you start to see different patterns emerge. But the patterns were boring.

Jack looks at his clock -- "7:33 PM." He gets out of bed and begins to dress.

JACK (V.O.)
It's Thursday, it must be brain parasites.

INT. MULTI-PURPOSE ROOM - NIGHT

People mill about, talking to each other prior to the meeting. The sign by the door reads "Above and Beyond."

JACK (V.O.)
All the support groups for terminal diseases had upbeat names. You'd never hear anyone say "parasite." They'd say "agent." Everybody was always getting better. Oh, this new medication. Everyone always just turned the corner. Still, everywhere, there was the squint of a five-day headache.

A hollow-eyed MAN walks up to Jack and shakes his hand.

MAN
Hi, I'm Peter.

JACK
Hi, I'm Cornelius.

JACK (V.O.)
I never gave my real name at support groups.

WOMAN
Hi, I'm Sally.

JACK (V.O.)
Everyone smiled with that invisible gun to their head.

Peter and Sally hug Jack briefly, then mix into the crowd.

JACK (V.O.)
Everyone treated me so well. They thought I was dying, too. It made me feel like the warm center of light. This was the way it was at every support group I went to -- a different one every night of the week.

INT. MULTI-PURPOSE ROOM - LATER

Jack and the rest of the group sit with eyes closed while a LEADER speaks.

JACK (V.O.)
Sebastian led us through a guided meditation.

LEADER
Imagine your pain as a ball of white healing light floating around your feet and rising to your knees, your waist, your chest. Imagine your chakras opening.

JACK (V.O.)
He talked us into a cave where we met our power animal. Mine was a penguin. We slid around on sheets of ice and had a great time.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Jack lies in bed, staring at the ceiling.

JACK (V.O.)
Never sleeping, never awake. It was getting worse and everything was becoming an out-of-body experience.

Jack looks down his body and sees his hand holding a styrofoam STARBUCKS cup -- filled with steaming coffee -- held SIDEWAYS -- as if he were standing erect. The coffee stays in the cup.

INT. STARBUCKS - MORNING

Jack SNAPS his HEAD UP, awakening. He's at the register, holding his coffee. He digs out change and pays.

There are business-types with Starbucks bags over their shoulders; some have Starbucks "passports"; kids with Starbucks hats eat coffee ice cream.

JACK (V.O.)
Back in the days of colonizing the Western Hemisphere, England and Spain got to name everything -- New London, Connecticut; Havana, Cuba. When deep space exploitation ramps up, it will be corporations that discover and name everything. The IBM Stellar Sphere. The Philip Morris Galaxy. Planet Starbucks.

INT. OFFICE CUBICLES AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Where Boss intercepts the entering Jack before he can get to his desk.

BOSS
You're late again. There's been two more, possibly related to case #2507. In Memphis and Seattle. You need to get on a plane ASAP. Step on these before they start to make noise.

JACK
Can't you send Walter or somebody else who's all hyper and eager?

BOSS
Don't give me any shit. Get to the airport.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - IN FIGHT - DAY

Jack sits next to a YOUNG BUSINESSMAN with a very basic demeanor. Jack is detached and droll.

YOUNG BUSINESSMAN
... Yeah, I travel a lot, too. It's a pain in the ass.

JACK
Everything is "single-serving."

YOUNG BUSINESSMAN
Huh?

JACK
Single-serving dinner, single butter, single-serving salad dressing.

YOUNG BUSINESSMAN
... Uh, yeah, right.

JACK
And you -- we meet on a flight, we have a nice chat and that's it. You're a "single-serving friend."

YOUNG BUSINESSMAN
(sarcastic)
I'm honored.

The Businessman turns his attention to his work papers. Jack stares out the window.

JACK (V.O.)
Some of my best friends were "single-serving."

Jack's eyelids get heavy and close.

JACK (V.O.)
If I can wake up in a different time and a different place, can I wake up as a different person?

MOVE IN ON JACK'S FACE

A FLASH of LIGHT over it.

INSERT -- SNAPSHOT OF A BURNT SHELL OF A WRECKED CAR

With two TECHNICIANS in UNIFORM posing goofily next to it. Sound of a CLICK, FLASH of LIGHT.

INSERT -- SIMILAR SNAPSHOT

With the technicians taking another goofy pose.

JACK'S VOICE (O.S.)
Please, guys, move to the side.

EXT. CONCRETE LOT - DAY

Surrounded by cinderblock walls. Jack walks around the wrecked CAR, taking photos and filling out an official form. The Technicians, snickering, follow his circle.

TECHNICIAN #1
Here's where the baby went through the window. Three points -- with only seconds to go.

TECHNICIAN #2
And here's where the teenager's braces locked around the backseat ashtray. Kind makes a good "anti-smoking" ad.

TECHNICIAN #1
And the father must've been obese. See how the fat burned into the driver's seat, mixed with the dye of his shirt? Kind like modern art.

JACK
The rear differential locked up?

TECHNICIAN #2
Yep. Even though they were doing a safe fifty-five miles per hour at the time.

Jack takes a stamp and mashes it into the bottom corner of his report under the words "CAUSE OF FAILURE." When he lifts the stamp, we see its imprint: "UNKNOWN." The Technicians see this and become less chipper. Jack looks at the wreck with an off-duty stare.

JACK
On a long enough time line, the survival rate for <u>everybody</u> drops to zero.

Jack walks away. The Technicians look at each other.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

Jack punches a calculator, writes down figures on a pad.

JACK (V.O.)
I'm a recall coordinator for an automobile manufacturer. Part of my job is to check out a burned-up, wadded-up shell of a car that's been in a horrible accident as the result of a manufacturing defect. I apply a formula. I take the total number of cars in circulation -- A -- and I multiply it by the probable rate of failure -- B -- then multiply the result by the average cost of an out-of-court settlement -- C. A times B times C equals X -- the cost of <u>not</u> initiating a recall. If X is less than the cost of a recall, we don't do one.

The GRAYING BUSINESSMAN sitting next to Jack struggles to maintain an aloof poise, but can't squelch his anxiety and curiosity, peeking at Jack's pad.

JACK (V.O.)
I made the mistake of explaining my job to the single-serving friend on the trip back.

GRAYING BUSINESSMAN
Are there a lot of these kinds of defects?

JACK
Oh, God, you wouldn't believe.

GRAYING BUSINESSMAN
Uh ... which car company do you work for?

JACK
... A major one.

A beat as they stare at each other. Then, Jack resumes work.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jack steps off a BUS and heads down the sidewalk.

JACK (V.O.)
Myself, I preferred public transportation.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Doctor examines Jack.

DOCTOR
This sleeping disorder is just a symptom of something larger. Find out what's actually wrong. Listen to your body.

JACK
All I want is little blue Amytal Sodium capsules, 200-milligram-sized.

DOCTOR
Chew valerian root and get more exercise. Then you'll fall asleep when you're supposed to and wake up refreshed.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack jogs in place, chewing a VALERIAN ROOT. He stops, drops onto the bed and lies there a beat. A FLY starts to buzz around his head and he swats at it. He gets up, looks at his watch, then turns to his clock. He re-sets his watch to the local time.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

A temporary sign on a stand reads: "Free and Clear." Approximately thirty people sit in folding chairs facing a lectern with a microphone. Among the seated is Jack.

JACK (V.O.)
"Free and Clear" -- a support group for lymphoma.

At the lectern is CHLOE, a pale, sickly girl whose skin stretches yellowish and tight around her bones. She wears a head bandage. OVER her SPEECH:

JACK (V.O.)
Chloe looked the way Joni Mitchell's skeleton would look if you made it smile and walk around a party being extra nice to everyone.

CHLOE
No one will have sex with me. I'm so close to death and all I want is to get laid for the last time. I have pornographic movies in my apartment, and lubricants and amyl nitrate ...

The LEADER hardly knows what to do. He inches his way to the lectern, and, red-faced, he gingerly takes control of the microphone.

LEADER
Thank you, Chloe. Okay, everyone, we have a new person here tonight. Say hello to Marla Singer.

Everyone turns and watches Marla slink in from the side of the room and stand next to the leader.

EVERYONE EXCEPT JACK
Hello, Marla.

Jack stares at her with hostile irritation. Marla takes a long drag off her cigarette and eyes the room, lingering a moment on Jack's eyes.

JACK (V.O.)
Marla Singer. Liar. Faker. A big tourist. I saw her at melanoma and blood parasites and ... she began to show up at all my groups.

LEADER
Let's all split off into pairs for the one-on-one. Pick someone special to you tonight.

Everyone stands and pairs off. Jack sees the ghastly spectre of Chloe coming towards him. He takes a couple staggering steps toward Marla and touches her arm. They go off to the side as a pair.

JACK
You can't have all these diseases. You're a faker. You aren't dying. Okay, in the brainy brain-food philosophy way, we're all dying. But you're not dying the way Chloe is dying.

LEADER
Tell the other person how you feel.

JACK
How do you like them apples?

MARLA
Look who's talking! You're not dying, either!

LEADER
Share yourself completely.

JACK
They're my groups, I found them first!

MARLA
I saw you practicing this in your seat.

JACK
Practicing?

MARLA
-- Telling me off. Is it going as well as you thought it would?

JACK
You can't do this. Please.

MEDIATOR
Go ahead. Let yourself cry.

Marla puts her head down on Jack's shoulder as if she were crying. Jack pulls her head back up. She deadpans at him.

MARLA
How long have you been coming to these?

JACK
Two years.

MARLA
Two years?!

JACK
Anyone who might've noticed me in two years has either died or recovered and never come back.

MARLA
Why do you do it?

JACK
Why do you do it?

The Leader passes right by Jack and Marla.

LEADER
Open up. Share with each other.

MARLA
It started with a lump on my breast. I went to a breast cancer support group. The lump turned out benign. But still needed my Monday night fix. So, I went to a lymphoma group, just to check it out. Everyone was in such a spiritual place. Dying people are so alive.

JACK
Yeah, that's exactly it. All that intense humanity.

MARLA
Yeah -- the raw emotion, the warmth and compassion.

JACK
If people think you're dying, they give you their full attention. Everyone really listens, instead of just waiting for their turn to speak. If this is the last time they might see you, they really see you. Everything else about their credit card debts and favorite sad radio songs and messy hair goes right out the window.

MARLA
Yeah, yeah -- right. So ... I've just started to go to all of the groups.

JACK
It becomes an addiction.

MARLA
I know.

JACK (V.O.)
This is how I met Marla Singer.

They momentarily beam at each other, kindred spirits.

LEADER
Now, the closing prayer.

Then, Jack pales with fear and insecurity.

JACK (V.O.)
Then it hit me -- she was a little <u>too much</u> like me -- whatever that was.

JACK
I can't go to a group with another faker present.

Marla hardens because of his retreat.

MARLA
Well, no shit, Einstein. I can't, either. Self-conscious-city.

LEADER
Oh, bless us and hold us ...

Marla starts out of the room. Jack follows her.

JACK
Wait! We should split up the week!

Jack suddenly turns red, looking back at the group. He continues following Marla out the door.

LEADER
... help us and help us.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Marla gets to the sidewalk, moving quickly along. She pulls out the flyer and hands it behind her to the following Jack.

JACK
(refers to flyer)
All right. You can have lymphoma, tuberculosis and --

MARLA
No, you take tuberculosis. My smoking doesn't go over real well.

JACK
I think testicular cancer should be no contest.

MARLA
Well, you have your balls, don't you? Technically, I have more of a right to be there than you.

JACK
Are you kidding me?!

MARLA
Yes! Jeez. Don't get bent.

Jack follows Marla into

INT. LAUNDROMAT - CONTINUOUS

Marla motions Jack to stay by the door. She walks with authority up to an unwatched DRYER. She takes out all the clothes, sets them on a table and sorts through them, picking out jeans, pants and shirts. She opens another dryer and does the same thing again. She gathers up all the chosen garments and heads back for the door. She whooshes past Jack.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Jack follows, bewildered.

JACK
You left half your clothes.

MARLA
Go on, go on. Where were we? I'll take the parasites.

JACK
You can't have both parasites. You take blood parasites and --

MARLA
No, I want brain parasites.

JACK
Okay. I'll take blood parasites and I'll take organic brain dementia and --

MARLA
No, I want that.

JACK
You can't have the whole brain!

MARLA
So far, you have four and I have two!

JACK
Well, then, take blood parasites. Now, we each have three.

HONK! Jack starts when he notices that Marla's led him into the street with traffic barreling down. She defiantly stomps in front of the cars, which screech to a halt and blare their horns. Jack sheepishly dashes across.

Marla heads into a THRIFT STORE. Jack follows.

INT. THRIFT STORE - CONTINUOUS

Marla drops all the clothes on a back counter. An old CLERK sifts through the clothes, marks on a pad.

JACK
What are you doing? You're selling those clothes? You mean you just took them out of -- ?

Marla steps down hard on Jack's foot. He jerks it back, wincing in pain.

MARLA
(for the Clerk to hear)
Yes, I'm selling some clothes.

The Clerk starts to ring up the various amounts he's assessed.

MARLA
So, we each have three -- that's six. What about the seventh day? I want ascending bowel cancer.

JACK (V.O.)
The girl had done her homework.

JACK
I want ascending bowel cancer.

The Clerk hands over money to Marla, giving her and Jack a strange look.

MARLA
That's your favorite, too? Tried to slip it by me, huh?

JACK
We'll split it. You get it the first and third Sunday of the month.

MARLA
Deal.

They shake hands. Jack starts to withdraw his; Marla holds it.

MARLA
I guess this is goodbye.

JACK
Let's not make a big deal out of this.

She walks toward the door. Jack watches her go.

MARLA
(not looking back)
How's this for not making a big deal?

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Jack dashes out and catches up to her.

JACK
Uh, Marla. We should exchange phone numbers.

MARLA
We should?

JACK
In case we want to switch nights.

MARLA
Uh-hunh. Sure.

He takes out a business card and a pen. He writes his home number on the back and hands it to her. She takes his pen, grabs his hand and writes her number on his palm. She gives him a quick grin, slaps the pen back into his palm, then saunters out into the middle of the street, causing more screeching of tires and honking. A bus shoots by, obscuring her from view.

JACK (V.O.)
Marla's philosophy of life, I later found out, was that she can die at any moment. The tragedy of her life was that she didn't.

INT. AIRPLANE - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

Jack sits in an aisle seat in a emergency exit row, near the rear of the plane. The seat beside him, next to the window/exit door, is empty.

JACK (V.O.)
Every take-off and landing, when the plane banked too much to one side, I prayed for a crash. That moment would cure my sleeping disorder forever, when we all would die helpless and packed human tobacco in the fuselage. This is how I met Tyler Durden.

Jack's eyes narrow and his head drops. He goes out cold.

INT. AIRPLANE - ANGLE ON JACK - LATER

He snaps awake, raising his head. WIDEN TO INCLUDE TYLER, sitting in the window seat next to him, enthroned like a blonde god.

TYLER
I saw the empty seat. Had to get back here toward the rear of the plane. If it crashes, this is where you're most likely to survive.

JACK
In that case, I should move to the front.

TYLER
Oh. One of those, are you?

JACK
I always pray for wind shear effect. Or for pelicans to get sucked into the turbines, or loose bolts and ice on the wings. Life insurance pays off triple if you die on a business trip.

Tyler unbuckles Jack's seatbelt.

TYLER
Now, I'll open the exit door and you'll get sucked out. Ready?

Jack chuckles. Tyler's face is stone. Jack re-buckles his seatbelt.

TYLER
All talk, huh? It's not because I'm a safety nut that I want to survive an air disaster. It's because I want to walk away from a burning, twisted mass of metal and flesh and feel indestructible. Like God hauled off and slapped some people down to their deaths -- but he didn't get me.

Tyler offers his hand, Jack takes it and Tyler squeezes firmly and shakes hands.

TYLER
Tyler Durden. You know why they have oxygen masks on planes?

JACK
To supply oxygen?

TYLER
That's a pretty sharp answer. Did you always do well in school?

Jack chuckles.

TYLER
The oxygen gets you high. You're taking in these giant, panicked breaths and, suddenly, you become euphoric and docile, and you accept your death. Like this --

Tyler grabs a safety instruction card from the seat pocket and shows Jack.

TYLER
The faces of the people during an emergency -- like passive cows going to slaughter.

Tyler imitates the face. Jack chuckles.

JACK
What do you do, Tyler?

TYLER
What do you want me to do?

JACK
I mean -- for a living.

TYLER
Why? So you can say, "Oh, that's what you do." -- And be a smug little shit about it?

Jack laughs.

TYLER
You have sick desperation in your laugh. It's very sweet.

Jack laughs more. Tyler pulls up his briefcase from under the seat. Jack points to his own, under the seat.

JACK
We have the same briefcase.

TYLER
Small world.

Tyler pops open his briefcase, revealing a full bounty of quaintly-wrapped bars of soap.

TYLER
I make and sell soap.

He gives Jack one. He shuts the briefcase and puts it back under the seat.

TYLER
What do you do?

JACK
I cover up for my company's mistakes. I endure the smarmy, condescending smiles of my boss.

TYLER
Don't like him?

JACK
He dumps all the extra work on me and enjoys doing it.

TYLER
You should go to the post office and fill out a change-of-address card and have all his mail forwarded to Fisk, Missouri.

Jack chuckles, nods appreciatively to Tyler.

TYLER
So, are you married, starting a family?

JACK
I can't start a crossword puzzle.

TYLER
Do you have some kind of career goal?

JACK
I want to win the office football pool.

TYLER
You have a clever little wit.

JACK
Thank you.

TYLER
How's that working out for you? -- Being clever.

JACK
(thrown off)
Well, uh ... uh ... great.

TYLER
Keep it up, then. Keep it right up.

EXT. TERMINAL - LATER

Jack walks out the door with Tyler. He heads for the bus stop and notices that Tyler has moved in a different direction. He looks over, spots Tyler approaching a RED CAR parked in the white zone. A COP finishes writing a ticket.

COP
Another second, and the tow truck would've gotten you, pal.

Tyler smiles at the cop, takes the ticket, gets behind the wheel and drives forward to Jack. Jack gets into the car.

INT. CAR

Jack looks at Tyler as he PEELS AWAY.

JACK
Is this your car?

TYLER
It is now. Where does your boss live?

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Jack and Tyler crouch behind shrubbery. Tyler has a HAND PUMP and hose. Jack has a canister of industrial DYE. Tyler signals Jack and they both crawl across the lawn to an outdoor water SPIGOT.

Tyler screws the hose onto the spigot, then attaches the other end to the hand pump. Jack pops the top of the canister and Tyler attaches the hand pump to it. He and Jack grab the pump handle together and throw their backs into pumping. Jack starts to giggle. Tyler shoots him a warning glance.

INT. STOLEN RED CAR - LATER

Parked on a hill, overlooking the city. Jack laughs convulsively. Tyler, driving, smiles, shakes his head.

JACK
I can't believe we did that.

TYLER
Yeah, well, tomorrow, your boss is going to have to endure <u>your</u> -- and everybody else's -- condescending smile.

Jack finally stops laughing. A beat as they stare at the city.

TYLER
Was your father a corporate type, too?

JACK
No. He was a salesman.

TYLER
What kind of salesman?

JACK
The worthless kind.

TYLER
Touched a nerve there, huh?

JACK
Well ... I only knew him for six years. Then, he divorced my mother and moved to a new city and married another woman and had more kids. He did it over and over, every six years -- new city, new family. He was setting up franchises.

Jack and Tyler laugh.

JACK
What about your father?

Tyler immediately turns grim. A beat of tense silence.

TYLER
I never knew him.

JACK
Did I touch a nerve?

Suddenly, Tyler starts the car and PEELS OUT.

EXT. JACK'S CONDO BUILDING - LATER

A cold, ugly, gray, rectangular monolith. Tyler SCREECHES the red car to a halt. Jack gets out.

JACK
See ya.

Tyler ROARS AWAY. Jack watches the car go.

INT. OFFICE AREA WITH CUBICLES - MORNING

Jack sits at his desk in his cubicle, nervously tapping a pencil against the desktop, unable to concentrate on work. Then, the moment he's waiting for -- his Boss enters, late. Boss has GREEN-TINTED SKIN -- blended with a sore RED from furtive scrubbing. Everyone looks up from their desks, stifles their reactions, including Jack, who locks his eyes on his paperwork.

The Boss stiffly marches toward his office, keeping a desperate grip on his dignity. Jack's PHONE RINGS.

JACK
Compliance and Liability.

TYLER'S VOICE
(from phone)
How's he look?

Jack winces, as if Boss could hear; he starts to giggle, but suppresses it.

JACK
(whispering)
Freshly-mowed.

TYLER'S VOICE
Good. So ... let's meet up tonight.

JACK
Well, there's a little group I go to ...

TYLER'S VOICE
Skip it. We have to talk.

JACK
Okay. Meet me at my place.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Jack snaps awake as his Boss speaks:

BOSS
Are you going to advance the slide
any time this century?

Jack sits behind a slide projector. Other EMPLOYEES sit around the conference table, taking notes. On the screen is a slide of a twisted, burnt wreck of a car. Jack advances the slide. This new one is also a wrecked, burnt car.

JACK
Cleveland. Same result.

Jack advances the slide. Another wreck.

JACK
Sarasota. Same.
(checks over report)
That's the last of the crashes to date. In all, 300 cars have this defect -- the rear differential locks up at speeds over fifty miles per hour.

BOSS
Okay, so what's the cost of a recall? Give me the math.

Jack slides papers over to Boss. Boss studies it.

BOSS
That's more than our first quarter profits. We can pay off a lot of grieving family members before we come close to that figure. No recall.

SMARMY EMPLOYEE
We should do a counter intelligence report on the types of driver error that could be blamed for the accidents.

BOSS
Very good. That'll be your "action item" for this week. Cindy, you'll help him.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE
Righto -- we're all over it.

Jack advances the slide. It shows a close up of a normal-looking WINDSHIELD WIPER.

BOSS
What the hell is this?

Jack slides papers around, looking.

JACK
Report number 5672 -- the little plastic clips that hold the rubber blades on windshield wipers. Only two hundred cars affected. Labor cost next to nothing.

BOSS
Initiate a recall immediately.

EXT. JACK'S CONDO BUILDING - SUNSET

Jack walks down from a bus stop, turns a corner and sees a BURNT OUT HOLE that used to be a condo on the fifteen floor. His jaw drops.

JACK (V.O.)
It was my condo.

FIREMEN roll up the hoses, finished with their task. Police cars are all over the place. A crowd swarms. As Jack gets closer, he sees Tyler standing off to the side. Tyler turns and looks at Jack with a somber expression. Jack pushes forward and looks at the debris that used to be his furniture.

JACK (V.O.)
My clever Njurunda coffee tables in the shape of a lime green Yin and an orange Yang -- now, buckshot. My Haparanda sofa group with the orange slip covers designed by Erika Pekkari -- now, a landed meteor. My Johanneshov armchair in the Strinne green stripe pattern. My Rislampa/Har lamps made from wire and environmentally-friendly unbleached paper. The Vild hall clock made of galvanized steel. The Klipsk shelving unit. The Mommala quiltcover set, design by Tomas Harila. My set of hand-blown green glass dishes with the tiny bubbles and imperfections, little bits of sand, proof they were crafted by the honest, simple, hard-working indigenous aboriginal peoples of wherever -- all gone.

Jack tries to get into the lobby, but he's intercepted by the DOORMAN, who slaps an arm around his shoulder.

DOORMAN
It isn't worth going up. All that's left is the concrete shell. The police haven't ruled out arson. You know, some people will leave a candle burning in a big puddle of gasoline. People with financial difficulties do this stuff. People who want out from under. A lot of young people try to impress the world and buy too many things on their credit cards. If you don't know what you want, you end up with a lot of things you don't.

The Doorman smirks at Jack and walks away. Tyler appears by Jack's side. Jack turns his gaze once again to the remnants of his possessions.

JACK (V.O)
All my life, I had tried to be content. I had tried to be complete. I had tried to be perfect. That was all gone, lifted away from me in an instant.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Tyler and Jack sit at a table in back. They share a pitcher of beer. Jack is quite soused.

JACK
You buy the perfect sofa and you think, for the rest of my life, I've got the sofa issue handled. Then, you buy the perfect bed.

Tyler looks over at a group of five GUYS, all young, various sizes. They cast looks of sneering hostility and bemusement at Jack and Tyler. Jack, following Tyler's gaze, looks at the Guys. He and Tyler turn back to face each other.

TYLER
We're both products of divorce, part of a generation of men raised by women. Look what it's done to us.

JACK
What's it done?

TYLER
You don't even know. It's pathetic.

Tyler abruptly stands.

TYLER
You can stay at my place.

JACK
Well ... thanks, Tyler.

Tyler pulls Jack to his feet.

TYLER
But you have to do me a favor.

JACK
Sure. What?

TYLER
I want you to hit me as hard as you can.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF BAR - CONTINUOUS

Tyler and Jack emerge from the bar. Tyler leads Jack into an open area, lit by a streetlamp.

JACK
I don't know about this, Tyler.

Tyler turns to look at him -- and, for the first time, we see him vulnerable. The light seems to illuminate uncertainty in his eyes. The whole thing becomes a tender seduction.

TYLER
I don't know, either. That's why I want to find out. We're virgins. Neither one of us has ever been hit.

JACK
That's good, isn't it?

TYLER
No. Listen to me -- I want you to hit me. You're the only one I feel safe enough to ask.

JACK
Me?

Jack stares at him, nearly entranced. The five drunken GUYS -- the same ones who stared at them earlier -- have formed a distant perimeter, sensing a fight. Jack glances at them, then back at Tyler.

JACK
Jesus ... I ... don't know ...

TYLER
Come on.

JACK
Well ... where do you want it? In the face or the stomach?

TYLER
Surprise me.

JACK
I've never even tried to hit anyone in my life.

TYLER
So go crazy. Let it rip.

Jack swings a wide, clumsy roundhouse that connects with Tyler's neck.

JACK
Oh, shit. Sorry. Let me try again.

TYLER
Like hell. That counted.

Tyler shoots out a straight punch to Jack's chest, knocking him back against a car. The Guys whoop and clap, moving closer.

TYLER
How do you feel?

JACK
Strange.

TYLER
So do I. But it's a <u>good</u> strange.

JACK
Is it?

TYLER
We've crossed the threshold.

JACK
Yeah ... I guess so.

TYLER
You want to call it off?

JACK
Call what off?

TYLER
The fight.

JACK
What fight?

TYLER
This fight. I'm tired of watching only professionals do it. I don't want to die without any scars. How much can you really know about yourself if you never go at it, one-on-one?

JACK
Tyler ...

TYLER
Are you a pussy?

Jack swings another roundhouse that slams right under Tyler's ear. Tyler punches Jack in the stomach. The Guys move closer, cheering the fight. Tyler and Jack move around, throwing punches.

JACK (V.O.)
We knew we'd gotten somewhere we'd never been, and, like the cat and mouse in cartoons, we were still alive and wanted to see how far we could take this thing and stay alive. If you've never been in a fight, you wonder about getting hurt, about what you're capable of doing against another man.

TYLER
What are you fighting? Tell me.

JACK
What do you mean?

TYLER
You know what I mean.

As they keep trading punches:

JACK
My disgusting job! My boss, who dumps extra work on me and gets on my computer and fiddles with my DOS execute commands! My credit card bills! Everything that's broken and doesn't work in my life! My cleaning that comes back with the collar buttons broken! Single-serving friends! Swedish furniture! Clever art!

The Guys are now laughing, looking at each other in wondrous amusement.

JACK
What are you fighting?

TYLER
My father.

They keep fighting. The Guys keep laughing.

EXT. PAPER STREET - PRE-DAWN

In the foreground, a street sign: "PAPER STREET." In the distance, Tyler leads Jack down the street, which has an abandoned PAPER MILL on one side and only ONE HOUSE on the other side, the rest of the land being undeveloped grass and weeds. This house is an old, grand, three-story structure that's gone to seed, with bay windows and upper-level screened-in porches. It looks abandoned, too.

MOVE IN ON JACK AND TYLER. Tyler has an arm around the shoulder of Jack, whose face glows with an almost religious serenity.

EXT. TYLER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They walk up to the porch. The house looks very shabby and decrepit -- almost unsafe.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They step inside the nearly unfurnished house. Jack looks around at the peeling varnish and cracked walls. Tyler turns on an old floor lamp; it CRACKLES. He points to the second floor landing.

TYLER
There's seven bedrooms. You can take your choice.

Jack starts toward the staircase, but Tyler pulls him back and looks at him intensely.

TYLER
I want to tell you something and I don't want you to take it the wrong way.

JACK
Okay.

JACK (V.O.)
You might want to bring your seatbacks to an upright position for this one.

TYLER
I blew up your condo.

Jack gulps, staring at Tyler, whose eyes are gleaming with delight. Slowly, Jack's expression changes as chemical reactions and electricity flow from his brain all through his body. Now, there's something wild and gleeful in his eyes. He's crossed over a border.

JACK (V.O.)
Deliver me, Tyler, from being complete and perfect.

TYLER
How do you feel about that?

JACK
Better than I've ever felt in my life.

Tyler gives Jack a gentle slap on the chin, and we

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - JACK'S FACE

As it gets PUNCHED by a flying FIST.

PULL BACK TO WIDE ON

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jack counters with a couple of jabs to the OPPONENT'S stomach, then brings up a left uppercut that smashes the Opponent's jaw. They are both shirtless and barefoot, sweating heavily.

Around them in a wide circle is a crowd of thirty YOUNG MEN, including Tyler and the five GUYS who watched Tyler and Jack fight in the parking lot. They are all CHEERING maniacally.

JACK (V.O.)
The first rule about fight club is you don't talk about fight club.

The Opponent recovers, then throws a headlock on Jack. Jack snakes his arm into putting a counter headlock on the Opponent. They drop to the floor, wrestling like wild animals.

The onlookers kneel down to stay eye level with the fight, cheering ever louder. The Opponent smashes Jack's head into the floor. Jack manages to reverse positions. His bleeding face eerie with glee, he slams the Opponent's head repeatedly into the floor. The yelling of the crowd becomes deafening.

With the sound of the CHEERING OVER, CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE SUPPLY CENTER - DAY

Jack, mouth bruised and puffy, picks up various supplies from a short, skinny SUPPLY CLERK, RICKY, with a BLACK EYE.

JACK (V.O.)
This kid, Ricky -- he can't remember whether you ordered pens with blue ink or black ink, but ...

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Ricky, eyes afire, FLAILS a larger MAN who's on the floor.

JACK (V.O.)
... he was a god for ten minutes when he trounced that actuary who was twice his size. I'd like to tell him he had a great fight, but --

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Boss, passing by the doorway, looks in at Jack with irritated wonder. Jack daubs blood from his mouth with a handkerchief.

BOSS
What in the hell are you getting yourself into every week?

JACK (V.O.)
-- the second rule about fight club is you don't talk about fight club.

Jack swallows a few times, keeps daubing his mouth, smiles at Boss. Boss shakes his head, walks away.

JACK (V.O.)
You can swallow about a pint of blood before you get sick.

INT. BAR BASEMENT - NIGHT

Tyler stands in the spotlit center, addressing the crowd of MEN. We HEAR him say the first two rules under:

JACK (V.O.)
Every Saturday night, after the bar closes, we meet in the basement. Every meeting begins with Tyler giving the rules.

TYLER
The third rule in fight club is -- when someone says "stop" or goes limp, the fight is over. The fourth rule is -- only two guys to a fight.

INT. BAR BASEMENT - LATER

Two shirtless, barefoot MEN beat the shit out of each other. One of them, with a GOATEE, falls to the floor, getting pounded.

JACK (V.O.)
One fight at a time. No shirts or shoes. Fights go on as long as they have to. Those are the other rules of fight club. Sometimes you could hear flat, hard packing sounds over all the yelling as someone got pounded again and again -- until he caught his breath and sprayed blood to say:

GOATEED MAN
Ssstop.

INT. OFFICE PARK RESTAURANT - DAY

Jack, eating lunch, is served a refill soda by the BROKEN-NOSED WAITER with a GOATEE, the man from the above fight.

JACK (V.O.)
Even if I could tell someone they had a good fight, I wouldn't be talking to the same man. Who you were in fight club is not who you were in the rest of your world. You weren't alive anywhere like you were alive at fight club. I couldn't say anything because fight club only exists in the hours between when fight club starts and when fight club ends.

INT. BUS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Jack stands, holding a hand grip. An arrogant MAN in a three-piece suit brushes past him, knocking his shoulder.

JACK (V.O.)
We all started to size up people.

Jack violently knocks the Man's shoulder in return. The Man turns and he and Jack face each other for a brief moment. Jack's face is stone.

JACK (V.O.)
I'd look at some asshole and know I could beat the shit out of him.

The arrogant Man continues down the aisle. Jack notices a GUY with a SMASHED LIP. This Guy grins at him, giving a slight nod.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Jack walks past the parking garage for the office park complex. He sees a VALET who has facial bruises.

JACK (V.O.)
We were all doing it.

The Bruised Valet and Jack share a quick smile. A BMW pulls up and HONKS at the Bruised Valet. The Bruised Valet has no reaction as a FAT EXEC gets out of his car and tosses the keys. Jack watches the Bruised Valet size up the Fat Exec. Then, the Valet hops into the car and loudly PEELS OUT.

JACK (V.O.)
I would see them all the time -- fight club members looking at other guys, knowing they could kick their asses.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A BRAWNY, TANNED EXEC passes Jack.

JACK (V.O.)
Okay, so, sometimes, I'd see a guy that could probably take me. When you're in fight club, you don't care. I know I'd cause a lot of damage before I went down.

INT. BAR BASEMENT - NIGHT

Tyler finishes his regular spiel:

TYLER
And the eighth rule of fight club is -- if this is your first night at fight club, you have to fight.

He steps back. The first fight begins.

JACK (V.O.)
Fight club was not about winning or losing fights. It wasn't about words.

As the fight gets more heated, the YELLING and CHEERING becomes more frenetic.

JACK (V.O.)
The hysterical shouting was in tongues, like at a Pentecostal church.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Everyone files out of the bar, sweating, bleeding, smiling.

JACK (V.O.)
Afterwards, we all felt saved.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Jack and Tyler walk through the pools of light cast by streetlamps. They both drip blood and sport bruises. They each carry a 4x4 piece of WOOD. As they pass parked cars, they SLAM the sticks against the front bumpers, setting off the ALARMS and causing the AIR BAGS to INFLATE.

They come to a bus stop that has a large display ad for jeans. It has a photo of a shirtless, well-built young man.

JACK
Oh, look -- a man.

TYLER
Is that what a man looks like?

JACK
Yeah, sure -- isn't it?.

Tyler smears blood on the ad. They laugh and continue on their way.

JACK
Guys packing into the gyms, all trying to look like that -- as if a man looks like what a sculptor or an art director says. Even a soufflé looks pumped.

JACK (V.O.)
There was grunting and noise at fight club like at the gym, but fight club wasn't about looking good.

Jack and Tyler come to a "ROAD WORK" sign. Tyler kicks it into the HOLE. He and Jack tightrope-walk on wooden beams over a deep hole.

TYLER
A guy comes to fight club for the first time, and his ass is a wad of cookie dough. After a few weeks, he looks carved out of wood. He trusts himself to handle anything.

As they step back onto solid pavement, Tyler kicks one of the beams, causing it to come loose and fall. The whole temporary work structure falls into the hole. Tyler and Jack continue walking.

TYLER
Self-improvement is like masturbation. Self-destruction is the answer.

They hear a car and they dodge to the side. The car FALLS into the unmarked hole with a CRASH, causing the air bag to inflate and the HORN to blare continuously.

EXT. PAPER STREET - LATER

Tyler and Jack approach the house. Loud THUNDERCLAP. Tyler and Jack look at each other and dash toward the house.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Tyler and Jack labor away at a fusebox.

JACK (V.O.)
When it rained, we had to pull all the fuses. The shingles on the roof would blister, buckle and curl the rain would come through ...

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tyler and Jack light candles, avoid the drips from the ceiling.

JACK (V.O.)
... and collect on top of the ceiling plaster and drip down through the light fixtures.

RAIN batters the house. Jack settles onto the floor, picks up a magazine from a stack nearby. -- There are THOUSANDS of magazines in piles ALL OVER the place.

JACK (V.O.)
I don't know how Tyler found the house. He'd been there for half a year. It was waiting for re-zoning. The previous owner collected magazines.

Tyler lies down next to him, setting his candle next to Jack's. Tyler picks up a magazine.

JACK (V.O.)
After fight club, we were too wired to go to sleep.

TYLER
What are you reading?

JACK
Reader's Digest. "I Am Joe's Lungs." It's written in first person as if the lungs were talking. "Without me, Joe could not take in oxygen to feed his red blood cells."

TYLER
Sounds fascinating.

JACK
It's a whole series they used to run. Here -- "I Am Joe's Prostate."

TYLER
"I get cancer, and I kill Joe."

JACK
What are you reading?

TYLER
Guns and Ammo. Soldier of Fortune. National Geographic. New Republic. American Spectator. Money. Forbes.

JACK
Show-off.

INT. OFFICE AREA - DAY

Jack slowly types a report on his computer. His shirt and pants have dried blood caked on them.

JACK (V.O.)
After a night in fight club, everything else in your life gets the volume turned down. You can deal with anything. All the people who used to have power over you have less and less power.

Boss strolls by, passes him, then whips back to take a look. Jack looks up at him, smiles slightly. Reflexively, his tongue plays with his teeth.

JACK (V.O.)
By this point, I could wiggle most of he teeth in my jaw.

BOSS
Is that your blood?

JACK
Some of it, yeah.

Boss stares at Jack like he's from Mars.

BOSS
Go home. Take the rest of the day off. Come back tomorrow with clean clothes.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jack lopes toward the elevators. Stepping off an elevator car is a grinning MAN with a dark tan in a nice suit. He makes a goofy face at Jack, reacting to the blood.

JACK (V.O.)
Walter, the dealership liaison man. He smiled at me with his steam shovel jaw like a marketing tool tanned the color of a barbecued potato chip. Walter, with his signet ring, shook my hand, wrapped in his smooth, soft hand.

WALTER
I'd hate to see what happened to the other guy.

JACK
I did this to myself.

WALTER
Right.

JACK (V.O.)
Walter. There was a young guy with perfect teeth and clear skin and the kind of job you bother to write the alumni magazine about getting. You know he was too young to fight in any wars, and if his parents weren't divorced, his father was never home, and here, he was looking at me with blood shining on my lips. And maybe he was thinking about a pain-free potluck he went to last weekend, or the Earth's desperate need to have the hole in the ozone layer fixed, but probably he wasn't.

INT. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Jack stands in front of Tyler, showing off the bloody clothes. Tyler has pots of boiling water going on the stove and bars of soap lying on the table.

TYLER
I'll make a batch with extra lye.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Steam fills the air as Tyler takes a hot shower in the shower/tub. Jack, at the sink, uses a toothbrush and soap to get the bloodstains out of his pants and shirt. Tyler can see Jack through a part in the shower curtains and vice-versa. Tyler is all soaped-up and continues to apply more soap.

TYLER
How're the blood stains coming?

JACK
Getting there.

TYLER
You know, you can make simple, plain old soap from glycerin, or you can make nitroglycerin. They both do the same thing -- they clean.

JACK
You have a stain that needs some nitroglycerin?

TYLER
Maybe there's a lot of stains that need it.

JACK
Well, I'll stick to soap.

JACK (V.O.)
I got obsessed with wondering what was going on inside that head.

TYLER
In ancient times, human sacrifices were made on a hill above a river. The bodies were burned on a pyre.

Jack becomes engrossed, due to Tyler's earnestness and passion. He can't help but stare at Tyler, the soap suds frothing all over his excellent body.

TYLER
Thousands of bodies, year after year. Rain fell on the burnt pyre. It seeped through the wood ashes to become a solution of lye and the lye combined with the melted fat of the bodies and a thick white discharge of soap crept out from the base of the altar and crept downhill toward the river. Where the soap fell into the river, the ancient people found their clothes got cleaner if they washed at that spot.

Tyler gets under the shower water and rinses.

TYLER
The first soap was made of heroes -- just remember that, when you're taking things for granted. Think about monkeys shot up into space. Without their pain, without their sacrifice, without their death, we would have nothing.

Jack stares at the soap and the toothbrush and his work pants, as if he were living a crucial moment in history.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Tyler comes down the stairs, dressed in a nice casual suit. Jack lies on the floor, reading magazines. We notice there are stacks and stacks of magazines along the wall.

JACK
Look at you.

TYLER
I got some calls to make at department stores.

Tyler goes to his open briefcase, which is full of bars of soap, and closes it.

The phone RINGS. Jack reaches over and answers it.

JACK
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH

INT. MARLA'S ROOM - SAME

She lies on the bed, twisting the phone cord around her neck like a noose. Her eyes are glazed.

MARLA
Where have you been the last few weeks?

JACK
Marla?

Tyler moves close to Jack and mouths: "Marla?" He squeezes Jack's chin. Jack slaps his hand away.

MARLA
I haven't seen you at any support groups.

JACK
We split them up.

MARLA
Yeah? So? You haven't been going to yours.

JACK
I found a new one. I guess I don't need the others now.

MARLA
Really? You get a good kick from it?

JACK
Oh, yeah.

Tyler moves away from Jack.

MARLA
Can I go?

JACK
It's for men only.

MARLA
Oh -- like testicular cancer?

JACK
In a strange kind of way, yes.

Tyler, briefcase in hand, mockingly blows a kiss to Jack and waves the car keys.

TYLER
I'm taking the car.

Jack nods to Tyler, who leaves.

MARLA
I started going to debtor's anonymous. You want to see <u>really</u> fucked up people?

JACK
I used to go. I know all about it. Your voice sounds a little strange. Are you okay?

MARLA
I got a stomach full of Xanax. I took what was left of the bottle. Might've been too much ... probably.

JACK
Marla!

MARLA
Can you stay on the line? I want you to hear me describe death. I want to see if my spirit can use the telephone. I'll tell you when I'm floating out of my body.

EXT. STREET - LATER

A TAXICAB screeches to a halt in front of a run-down by-the-month HOTEL. Jack leaps out and sprints up the steps.

JACK (V.O.)
Marla lived at the Regent Hotel ...

INT. 8TH FLOOR LANDING - MOMENTS LATER

Jack reaches the top of the stairs and heads for Marla's room.

JACK (V.O.)
... which was nothing but brown bricks held together with sleaze.

Right before he can knock, Marla's arm shoots out and grabs his arm.

INT. MARLA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marla pulls Jack inside and shuts the door. Her drugged eyes look him over.

MARLA
Wow. You got here fast.

She staggers. Jack grips both her arms and guides her to the bed. He gently pushes her down and sits next to her on the corner. They both slide off, along with the blanket and sheets, to the floor.

MARLA
The mattresses here are all sealed in slippery plastic.

JACK
Marla, why did you do this?

MARLA
Remember Chloe? At brain parasites?

JACK
The one who looked like a skeleton dipped in yellow wax?

MARLA
Yeah. Well, now she is a skeleton.

JACK
No.

MARLA
Yeah, she bought it.

JACK
I'm sorry.

MARLA
Last time I saw her, she said to tell you "hi" -- if you were still alive.

JACK
Last time I saw her, I hugged her. She had a silk scarf tied around her bald head. I told her she looked like a pirate and she laughed.

Jack briefly touches Marla's face.

JACK
Were you close to her?

MARLA
Kinda. I mean, we were very much alike.

Sound of SIRENS and vehicles SCREECHING to a halt outside. Doors opening and SLAMMING; running FOOTFALL. Marla scowls and struggles to her feet.

MARLA
You called the cops?! Shit!

She grabs Jack, hauls him to his feet and pulls him out the door.

INT. HALLWAY

Marla LOCKS her door, then shoves Jack toward the staircase. She and Jack suddenly flatten against the wall as COPS and PARAMEDICS charge by with oxygen.

COP
Where's 8-G?

MARLA
End of the hall.

The rescuers keep running. Marla and Jack start down the steps. Marla lingers a beat, hearing the cops bang on the door. She calls out to them:

MARLA
The girl who lives there used to be a charming, lovely girl. But she has no faith in herself.

Jack tugs on Marla's arm. They continue down the steps, with Marla's speech getting louder.

MARLA
And she's worried that, as she grows older, she'll have less options. She's turned into a monster! She's infectious human waste! Good luck trying to save her!

INT. KITCHEN - TYLER'S HOUSE - LATER

Jack brings Marla inside.

JACK
Here, sit down.

MARLA
I'll die.

JACK
Oh, sorry, I mean -- move around, move around.

Marla lights a cigarette and looks at Jack with bleary-eyed lasciviousness.

MARLA
You have to keep me up all night. Think you can handle that?

JACK
Uh ... sure.

Jack starts coffee brewing. Marla impatiently puffs on her cigarette. Jack dashes out of the kitchen, then returns with an old Scrabble game. He sets it up on the dining table. Marla stares at him.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Jack snaps awake, lifting his head up off the scrabble board. Tyler sits opposite him, grinning, sipping coffee.

JACK
What happened? Where's Marla?

TYLER
She split.

JACK
Was she okay?

TYLER
Seemed to be. Pretty funny -- she O.D.'s on pills and you fall asleep.

JACK
I can't believe it. My stupid narcolepsy-slash-half-insomnia.

Jack looks down at the scrabble board. Letters spelling "ANA" are lined up in the game pattern. He pushes some loose letters up and they align into a triple word score: "ANARCHY."

TYLER
So. Is Marla your girlfriend?

JACK
No. Just a friend.

TYLER
That's what I thought.

JACK
Why is that what you thought?

TYLER
She's very not your type.

JACK
How would you know what my type is?

TYLER
I didn't mean it as an insult. She seems like a wild, twisted bitch.

JACK
Oh, and my pace is more for librarians and den mothers?

TYLER
Den mothers -- that could be kinky.

Tyler winks at Jack and pinches his cheek. Jack slaps his hand away. Tyler grabs Jack's wrist. Jack takes his other hand and grabs Tyler's arm. They start grappling with each other, chuckling. They spin around and fall onto the table, scattering the Scrabble pieces. Finally, they roll off onto the floor. They pant and laugh.

EXT. BASEMENT DOOR OF BUILDING - NIGHT

Tyler and Jack, panting and laughing, stagger away from fight club, all of the members of which are sneaking away into the night. Tyler has to hold Jack up. Jack bleeds profusely from the face.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

A DOCTOR checks over Jack's forehead as Tyler watches.

TYLER
... Fell down the stairs.

JACK (V.O.)
Sometimes Tyler spoke for me.

INT. MAIN OFFICE AREA - DAY

Jack sits at his desk, playing solitaire on his computer. His clothes have some blood stains, but not as severe as before.

JACK (V.O.)
After a night in fight club, I would just sleep in my bloody clothes and come straight to work. In the management handbook, this is called "inattention to personal decorum."

Boss steps up to Jack's cubicle and scowls at his appearance. Then, a MAN in a black suit and a dead face appears next to Boss.

BOSS
This is Detective Stern.

JACK (V.O.)
I Am Joe's Cold Sweat.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack slumps in a chair across the table from Detective Stern.

DETECTIVE STERN
The deadbolt on your front door was shattered. Someone sprayed freon into the lock to freeze it. Then, they tapped it with a cold chisel to shatter the cylinder.

A pause as Jack tries to think of something to say.

DETECTIVE STERN
There were impurities in the dynamite -- a residue of ammonium oxalate and potassium perchloride that indicate the bomb was homemade.

JACK
This is ... really a shock to me, Sir.

DETECTIVE STERN
Whoever set the dynamite could've turned on the gas and blown out the pilot lights on the stove days before the explosion took place. The gas was just the trigger.

JACK
I didn't do it.

DETECTIVE STERN
I didn't say you did.

JACK
I loved my life. I loved that condo. I loved every stick of furniture. That was my whole life. Everything -- the lamps, the chairs, the rugs -- were me. The dishes were me. The plants were me. The television was me.

JACK (V.O.)
I'd like to thank the academy ...

DETECTIVE STERN
Don't leave town. I'll be in touch.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Water boils in pots on the stove. Tyler takes a plastic bag of WHITE GOO out of the refrigerator. He cuts it open and squeezes some into each pot.

JACK (V.O.)
Tyler finally taught me to make soap. We were going to increase production to bring in more money, so we could get six more spaces and have fight club every night of the week.

TYLER
To make soap, first we have to render fat.

Tyler squeezes the white mess from one of the bags into a pot.

TYLER
As the fat renders, the tallow will float to the surface of the water.

JACK (V.O.)
I felt like a kid on a "Mr. Science" TV show.

Tyler points to two other pots which have a skinned-over layer.

TYLER
When the tallow separates, there will be a clear layer on top. It's glycerin. We can mix it back in when we make the soap. Or ... We can mix the glycerin with nitric acid to make nitroglycerin.

JACK (V.O.)
The sensual way he said "nitroglycerin" -- like the name of his first true love.

TYLER
With enough soap, you could blow up the world.

EXT. MEDICAL WASTE DUMP - NIGHT

Tyler and Jack scale a fence and drop down near dumpsters, which are marked with big warning signs -- "MEDICAL WASTE." Tyler begins to search them.

JACK (V.O.)
Okay, you're wondering what kind of fat we were using. I'll give you a hint -- a surgeon with a vacuum sucks it out of rich, flabby people.

Tyler pulls up a large bag of pinkish goo. Jack joins him and they pull up bag after bag.

TYLER
Human fat has just the right salt balance to make really good soap.

JACK (V.O.)
By now, our espisode of "Mr. Science" has been taken off the air.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Tyler and Jack, looking spiffy, stand by a counter, smiling, as the store BUYER, a woman, looks over a sample bar of soap. She nods, smiles and begins to fill out forms.

JACK (V.O.)
Tyler sold it to the stores at twenty bucks a bar. God knows what they charged.

Two rich-looking WOMEN drift around nearby. The Fatter of the women pokes the other one's stomach playfully.

FATTER WOMAN
That gut is all gone!

Tyler grins at Jack.

JACK (V.O.)
We were selling them their own fat back to them.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT

MEN are entering the gymnasium for the testicular cancer support group "Remaining Men Together." Bob starts to file in with the rest, and, suddenly, Jack darts forth from the shadows and blocks his way.

JACK (V.O.)
The next step -- recruit more people for fight club.

BOB
Hi.

JACK
Hi, Bob.

Bob tries to go through the door, but Jack blocks him.

JACK
Are you really a man?

BOB
What? Uh, yes ... we all are.

JACK
I'm not so sure that you're a man.

Jack forcefully pushes Bob. Caught off-guard, he backs into a locker with a bang. Jack slaps Bob's face.

JACK
Are you? Come on, you big moose. Let's see if you are.

BOB
I don't understand.

JACK
Let's see if you understand this.

Jack punches Bob in the stomach. Bob puts up his hands to block. Jack throws more punches. Finally, Bob punches Jack in the face, knocking him staggering. Jack comes back and they pummel each other. Bob's face gets redder and redder with anger.

Then, Jack steps back, holding out his hands to signal "stop."

JACK
Let's take this somewhere else.

INT. NEW BASEMENT - NIGHT

The crowd screams insanely as Bob and Jack go at it in the circle of light. Bob's eyes are wild with glee.

EXT. BASEMENT DOOR OF ELECTRONICS WAREHOUSE - LATER

Everyone quietly sneaks out of the new location -- we've seen none of these guys before -- this is a new chapter. Jack and Bob stagger out last. They are both dripping blood and covered with bruises -- Jack being in worse shape -- and they both grin with religious serenity. Bob hugs Jack.

BOB
Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

Bob relaxes the hug and Jack drops to the ground like a sack, enervated from the beating he took.

JACK
You're welcome.

JACK (V.O.)
Fight club -- this was mine and Tyler's gift -- our gift to the world.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ricky grapples with a YUPPIE. They fall to the sidewalk, pounding each other.

YUPPIE
WHO ARE YOU?!! WHY DID YOU ATTACK ME?!!

The Yuppie maneuvers Ricky toward a metal fence and insanely tries to impale him on a spike. Tyler and Jack shoot INTO VIEW and grab the Yuppie, laughing.

YUPPIE
WHO ARE YOU?!!

INT. ANOTHER NEW BASEMENT - NIGHT

Ricky and the Yuppie fight each other while the crowd -- still even more new guys -- cheers.

EXT. STREET - LATE NIGHT

Jack, Tyler and Ricky quickly paste up a basic, black-on-white-lettering BILLBOARD. It says: "DID YOU KNOW ... ? YOU CAN USE YOUR OLD MOTOR OIL TO FERTILIZE YOUR LAWN! -- ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION AGENCY."

JACK (V.O.)
We started pulling pranks.

EXT. LARGE PARKING LOT - DAY

Jack and Bob, armed with a toolbox, change the "Enter" and "Exit" signs around. They hide, watch a car approach where they put the "Enter" sign.

The car drives into the "entrance" and the front tires EXPLODE from the BLADES in the ground.

EXT. OUTDOOR BEER FESTIVAL - DAY

Jack watches as Tyler sneaks up to the side of a portable TOILET.

He shoves it until it falls against the next toilet. An ENTIRE ROW of portable toilets falls like dominoes.

CLOSE-UP - NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

"VALET PARKERS DRIVE CARS INTO RIVER."

PULL BACK TO WIDE ON:

INT. KITCHEN - TYLER'S HOUSE - MORNING

Jack chuckles with delight, reading the headline, the paper on the counter near him. He toils away at soap-making. FOOTSTEPS can be heard -- Tyler descending the stairs. He appears in the archway, wearing only sweatpants. His hair his wild. There's a scratch on his face.

JACK
What the hell? You fall out of bed last night?

TYLER
You could say that.

Tyler wanders around the table, looking at freshly-cut bars of soap.

TYLER
Hmm. Doing very good work, very good.

JACK
Thanks.

TYLER
You look cute when you're cooking.

Tyler pinches Jack's cheek. Jack slaps his hand away and they begin to grapple, almost knocking a pot off the stove. Tyler winces and pulls back.

TYLER
I'm sore all over. Help me stretch.

Tyler lifts a leg. Jack grabs it, holds it. Tyler puts both his arms on Jack's shoulders. Jack lifts Tyler's leg higher and higher as Tyler's face gets red. Jack points to the newspaper and Tyler nods toward it, smiling.

JACK
Fight club guys are raising hell all over the city.

TYLER
As they should be.

Tyler hands Jack a sheet of paper with typewritten words.

TYLER
Make two dozen copies. We're expanding again. We're going to have more than one fight club on every night of the week.

INT. PHOTOCOPY ROOM - DAY

Jack stands over a copy machine, getting hit by the flashes of light. He looks around, seeing other faces illuminated in FLASHES. Over HALF of them are bruised faces, smiling back at him. He smiles back, his eyelids getting heavy and his head nodding.

INT. OFFICE AREA - LATER

Jack sits in his cubicle, playing a game on his computer. Boss approaches and slaps a piece of paper down on Jack's desk.

JACK (V.O.)
He was wearing a yellow tie. It must've been a Thursday. By this point, I didn't even wear a tie to work anymore.

BOSS
"The first rule of fight club is you don't talk about fight club."

Jack stares at him stoically.

JACK (V.O.)
I was still half-asleep and half-awake all the time. I left the original in the copy machine.

BOSS
Is this yours? "The second rule of fight club is you don't talk about fight club."

JACK (V.O.)
I Am Joe's Grinding Teeth.

BOSS
So, is it yours or not? You don't get paid a cushy salary to abuse the copy machine.

JACK (V.O.)
"Abuse" the copy machine. What an image.

BOSS
Let's play pretend. You're me. Got it? You find <u>this</u>. What would you do? Hmm? Go ahead, make a managerial decision. What would you do?

JACK
I'd be very careful who I talked to about this paper. It sounds like some dangerous psychotic killer wrote this, and this buttoned-down schizo could probably snap at any moment and stalk from office to office with an Armalite AR-180 Carbine gas-operated semiautomatic. The guy is probably at home every night with a little rattail file, filing a cross into the tip of every one of his bullets. This way, when he pumps a round into his boss, it will split along the filed grooves and spread open the way a dum dum bullet flowers inside you to blow a bushel load of stinking guts out through your spine. This is probably somebody you've known for years. Probably this guy knows all about you, where you live, your wife, how many kids you have.

Boss stares at him with a tinge of outrage, a tinge of fear.

JACK (V.O.)
Tyler's words coming out of my mouth. Just me clowning around. And I used to be such a nice person.

Jack's phone RINGS. Jack answers.

JACK
Compliance and Liability.

MARLA'S VOICE
I got some liability for you -- my tit's going to rot off.

JACK
Just a second.
(to Boss)
I need to take this call.

Boss slowly walks away, staring back at Jack.

JACK
(into phone)
What the hell are you talking about?

INTERCUT WITH

CLOSE-UP OF MARLA

In dim light, her face very pretty with make-up.

MARLA
I need you to check and see if there's a lump on my breast. If there's not, I can't afford to blow the cash on a doctor just to find out.

JACK
I don't know ...

MARLA
Please? You're the only one I can turn to about this.

JACK (V.O.)
She didn't call Tyler because she didn't want to scare him. I'm neutral in her book.

MARLA
Meet me at the place I work and drive me home.

EXT. MORTUARY - LATE AFTERNOON

Jack looks the place over, goes through the front door.

INT. MORTUARY - SAME

Jack walks into the dim, dramatically-lit foyer, where he sees Marla at a desk. She does not see him. She's dressed in black with full hair and make-up, and she looks like a gorgeous angel of death. A VERY FAT MALE CUSTOMER holds an URN the size of an egg cup. Marla studies the urn and the Customer's body with a dreary expression.

MARLA
Sir, you couldn't get the ashes of your neck in here.

The Customer turns and stomps out the door. Jack steps forward to the desk.

JACK
Employee of the month, huh?

Marla looks up at him and smiles.

JACK (V.O.)
The color of Marla's brown eyes was like an animal that's been heated in a furnace and dropped into ice water. They call that "vulcanized" or "galvanized."

EXT. MARLA'S HOTEL - SUNSET

Jack watches as Marla takes two boxes from a van with sign "MEALS ON WHEELS."

INT. MARLA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Marla leads Jack inside.

JACK
You know, this is a very sweet side of you.

MARLA
You think so?

JACK
Well, yeah. Picking these up for ...
(reads off boxes:)
"Mrs. Haniver" and ... "Mrs. Raines." Where are they? On the top floor?

MARLA
They're dead, doofus. I'm alive and I'm in poverty. You want any of this?

JACK
No, thanks.

MARLA
Good.

He stares at her while she wolfs down food.

INT. MARLA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marla stands in front of a mirror with her shirt open. Jack stands behind her with his hand on the bottom side of her breast. Her hand guides his.

JACK
Where? Here?

MARLA
Here.

JACK
There?

MARLA
Here.

JACK
Here.

MARLA
Yeah. Feel anything?

JACK
No.

Jack's head is behind Marla's. His eyes close. Both of them speak more slowly, softer.

MARLA
Make sure.

JACK
Okay. Okay, I'm sure.

MARLA
You feel nothing?

JACK
Nothing.

He almost kisses her neck. Marla turns around, faces him and begins to slowly button up her shirt.

MARLA
Whew. That's a relief. Thanks.

JACK
No problem.

MARLA
I wish I could return the favor.

Jack touches his breasts, shakes his head.

JACK
I think everything's okay here.

MARLA
I could check your prostate.

JACK
Uh ... nah.

MARLA
Well, thanks.

Marla kisses him -- and lingers for a bit longer than just friendly. Jack pulls away.

JACK
You're welcome.

Marla sexily sits down on the bed. Jack notices, through the window, a frantic movement on the sidewalk below. He focuses on it -- it's Tyler, red-faced with rage, violently signaling him. Jack looks back at Marla apologetically.

JACK
I gotta go.

Marla's voice turns acid:

MARLA
Good. I thought you'd never leave.

Jack goes to her door, opens it, looks back at her.

JACK
I'm sorry.

MARLA
GO, ASSHOLE!

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Jack meets up with Tyler, who grabs his arm and leads him down the sidewalk.

JACK
How did you know where to find me?

TYLER
Did you forget our appointment?!

JACK
Sorry.

TYLER
This is important. There's something you have to learn first-hand.

Tyler pulls back his loose shirt, revealing a HANDGUN lodged in his pants. He leads Jack to the driver's side of a (stolen) BLUE CAR.

TYLER
Don't worry, I switched the license plates with another car in the long-term parking lot at the airport.

INT. BLUE CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Jack drives. Tyler plays with the gun.

JACK (V.O.)
I think this was the first time Tyler really made me nervous. The kind of nervous that's cold and shivering inside your bones.

Tyler spots a CONVENIENCE STORE.

TYLER
Slow down.

They watch as a CLERK exits the store, his uniform partially-loosened -- he's off work.

TYLER
Perfect. Pull around behind those trees.

EXT. ALL-NIGHT CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

The Clerk heads for an old beater of a car. Tyler lunges out of the nearby darkness, puts a gun to the Clerk's head and drags him away from the parking lot.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The Clerk drops to a kneeling position as Tyler keeps the gun aimed at his head. Jack, white as a ghost, watches.

TYLER
You scream, you try to run, and you're dead. Give me your wallet.

The Clerk fumbles his wallet out of his pocket and Tyler snatches it. Tyler pulls out the driver's license.

TYLER
Raymond K. Hessel. 1320 SE Benning, apartment A. A small, cramped basement apartment, right? Right?

RAYMOND
Y-yes. How'd you know?

TYLER
They give basement apartments letters instead of numbers. Raymond, you're going to die.

RAYMOND
Oh, please, God, no.

TYLER
Your mom and dad will have to call old doctor so-and-so to get your dental records, because there won't be much of your face left. Is this a picture of Mom and Dad?

Raymond begins to weep, his shoulders heaving.

RAYMOND
Yesss ...

TYLER
An expired community college student ID card. What did you used to study, Raymond K. Hessel?

RAYMOND
S-S-Stuff.

TYLER
"Stuff." Hm. Were the mid-terms hard?

Tyler shoves the gun against Raymond's temple.

TYLER
I asked you what you studied.

RAYMOND
Biology, mostly.

TYLER
Why?

RAYMOND
I don't know.

TYLER
What did you want to be, Raymond K. Hessel?

A long beat while Raymond weeps and says nothing. Tyler COCKS the gun.

TYLER
Three ... two ... one ...

RAYMOND
A veterinarian!

TYLER
Animals.

RAYMOND
Yeah ... animals and stuff.

TYLER
And stuff. That means you have to get more schooling.

RAYMOND
Too much school.

TYLER
Well, you can be working your ass off in school, or you can be dead.

Tyler shoves Raymond's wallet back into his pocket.

TYLER
I'm keeping your license. I know where you live. I'm going to check on you every three months. If you aren't back in school on your way to being a veterinarian, you will be dead. Now, I'm going to walk away, so don't turn around.

Tyler slinks into the darkness. Jack follows. Raymond remains in place, shivering.

INT. TYLER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack lies on the floor, his nerves shot from the experience. Tyler holds Raymond's license.

TYLER
Raymond, tomorrow will be the most beautiful day of your life. And your breakfast is going to taste better than any meal you've ever eaten.

Jack takes Raymond's license, looks it over.

JACK
What was the point of doing this?

TYLER
I wanted to demonstrate what hitting bottom does to a person. Now, it's time for you.

JACK
Me?

TYLER
You have to let go of everything -- including your job.

JACK
My job?

TYLER
Yes. You have to free yourself of all your shackles. And besides, I need you here full time -- we're upping the soap production.

INT. BOSS'S OFFICE - DAY

Boss sits at his large, expensive desk. Expensive objets d' art are all over, as well as framed paintings. Jack steps into the open doorway and lightly knocks against the frame. Boss looks up and Jack continues forward to a spot in front of the desk.

JACK
We need to talk.

BOSS
Okay. Where to begin? With your constant absenteeism? With how far behind you are in your reports? With your unpresentable appearance? I might as well tell you now -- you're going to be put up for review.

This next line <u>not</u> in V.O.:

JACK
I Am Joe's Complete Lack Of Surprise.

Boss sits up in his seat, becoming enraged.

JACK
Let's play pretend. You're the Department of Transportation. Got it? And you knew that this company intentionally left in a front seat mounting bracket that never passed collision tests? Did nothing about leather seats -- leather that was cured in third world countries with a chemical we know causes birth defects in pregnant women? How about the brake linings that fail after a thousand miles? How about the turbochargers that blow up and cut off people's legs at the knees? How about the fuel injectors that burn people alive? All of these accidents where "cause of failure" is stamped "unknown." I know where the bodies are buried. Call it job security.

BOSS
Just who the fuck do you think you are?! You can't scare me! Get out of here!

JACK (V.O.)
In the management handbook, this is called "bluffing your ass off."

BOSS
You're fired!

JACK
No, I'm not exactly fired. You're going to keep me on payroll as an outside consultant. In exchange for my salary, I'll perform the task of not telling anyone what I know. I won't need to come into the office. I can do this job from home. Call it early retirement, with pension.

Boss stands, moves around his desk, glaring with rage.

JACK
Yes, I am shit and trash and crazy, to you and this whole fucking world, but I'm still your responsibility.

JACK (V.O.)
Tyler's words again.

Jack PUNCHES HIMSELF in the nose. Blood starts to trickle down. He punches himself in the jaw, harder. He throws himself back, acting as if the force of the punch knocked him. His back SLAMS against a framed painting and SHATTERS the glass. He and the frame and the glass and the painting fall to the floor.

JACK (V.O.)
I Am Joe's Smirking Revenge.

JACK
Please don't hit me again. Please.

Jack gets back to his feet and punches himself in the stomach, then punches himself in the jaw again. He reels backwards and falls into a hanging shelf, ripping it off the wall, sending its contents flying. He falls to the floor again.

JACK (V.O.)
For some reason, I thought of my first fight -- with Tyler.

FAST CUT -- TYLER'S FACE

TYLER
Hit me as hard as you can.

FAST CUT -- PARKING LOT

Jack and Tyler trading punches.

INT. BOSS'S OFFICE - RESUMING

Jack crawls along the carpet toward Boss, dripping blood from his nose and lip. He tries to keep up the act, but he sporadically GIGGLES. He grabs Boss's leg.

JACK
Please ... give me the paychecks like I asked for. You won't see me again. You won't have any trouble.

Jack starts climbing up Boss's leg. Boss, aghast, tries to shake him off, and, in doing so, stumbles back into his desk, knocking off photos, stacks of paper, paperweights.

JACK (V.O.)
Under and behind and inside everything this man took for granted, something horrible had been growing.

Jack crawls up high enough to grab Boss's belt and hoist himself up further. He's getting blood all over the Boss's clothes. Jack SMUDGES blood from his face onto the knuckles of both Boss's hands. The horrified man SCREAMS.

JACK (V.O.)
And right then, at our most excellent moment, security guards decided to walk in.

Two SECURITY GUARDS come inside and gape at the sight. Behind them stands a crowd of curious workers, also taking in the sight.

JACK
(gurgling blood)
Please don't hit me again.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Jack emerges from the lobby of his workplace and walks toward the drive. A Rolls Royce Corniche sits by the curb. Jack merely glances at it, starting to move past it, when the DRIVER gets out and goes around, opening the door chauffeur-style for Jack. The driver is RICKY, with a military stone face. Jack gapes at him and at the car.

RICKY
Don't worry, I switched the plates with another car --

JACK
Yeah, yeah ...

INT. CORNICHE

Jack gets into the front passenger seat and turns around to see THREE BRUISED YOUNG MEN in the back seat.

JACK
Are we going to see Tyler?

The three men keep silent, each with the same stone face.

JACK (V.O.)
See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil.

Ricky, settling behind the wheel, starts up the engine by touching together the ignition wires that are twisting out of the steering column. He pulls away from the curb and heads down the drive, out of the office park.

JACK
(to Ricky)
What's all this about? What does Tyler have planned?

RICKY
Is this a test?

JACK
Is what a test?

RICKY
The first rule about Project Mayhem is -- you don't ask questions.

JACK
"Project Mayhem?"

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Tyler, Jack, Ricky, Bob and the three men from the Corniche are LADEN with ropes, clips, other climbing gear, PAINT GUNS. Tyler checks his watch, looks at a building across the street. He nods solemnly and puts on a SKI MASK -- everyone else puts on a ski mask. Tyler signals them forward.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Tyler leads the group out of an elevator. He snaps his fingers, points. Part of the group sprints down the hall, the other part goes with Tyler into --

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tyler and the gang tie ropes around themselves and secure them to support posts in the office. They climb out the windows. Tyler and Jack as a pair take one window.

EXT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

We see that the building is "TRW." Everyone rappels down the side and starts painting.

TYLER
(to Jack only)
Listen to me. Your father was your model for God. And if your father bails out or is never at home, what does that tell you about God?

UP from them about five stories are MORE guys in ski masks, painting. The upper group works downward to meet the lower group's painting.

TYLER
What you have to consider is the possibility that God doesn't like you. Could be, he hates you. This is not the worst thing that can happen. His hate is better than His indifference.

Suddenly, the TWO WINDOWS SHATTER OUTWARD and two of the men yell out the windows:

BRUISED MAN #1
I AM NOT MY JOB!

BRUISED MAN #2
I AM NOT HOW MUCH MONEY I HAVE IN THE BANK!

The men pull back from the windows. Bob and Ricky, rappelling and painting, shout a rejoinder:

BOB
I AM NOT WHO I TELL MYSELF I AM!

RICKY
I AM NOT MY NAME!

TYLER
We are God's middle children, with no special place in history and no special attention. Unless we get God's attention, we have no hope of damnation and redemption.

A desk and a file cabinet fly out the broken windows, the latter of which opens mid-air, sending papers flying. The men yell again.

BRUISED MAN #1
I AM NOT MY PROBLEMS!

BRUISED MAN #2
I AM NOT MY HOPES!

TYLER
Which is worse -- hell or nothing? The lower you fall, the higher you fly. The farther you run, the more God wants you back.

Then, the broken windows FLARE UP with FLAME from arson inside the respective offices.

EXT. ALLEY - LATER

Tyler, Jack and the whole crew hide and stare at the TRW building. Sirens WAIL in the distance. Everyone except Jack giggles like a child. Jack gulps, sweating and apprehensive.

There's an evil-looking, sardonic, grinning FACE painted on the side of the building. It's EYES are the broken windows spewing FLAMES. Tyler has a massive armload of official documents. He flips through them.

TYLER
Look at this. All these slaves, up to their asses in debt, using credit cards to buy useless garbage to fill up their meaningless lives.

Jack looks at Tyler's face, illuminated by the flickering light, grinning with an expression very similar to the painted face on the building.

TYLER
If everybody in this country refused to pay off their debts, the whole banking system would collapse.

Tyler pats Jack's face, then gives a signal and everyone sneaks away.

INSERT - PAYCHECK WITH LEDGER FLAP

We ADJUST so that we see the ledger flap, but not the check itself. The flap says "INDEPENDENT CONSULTANT."

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tyler, grinning, kneeling by the bathtub, kisses the paycheck. Jack, naked, lies in an empty bathtub.

Perched on a counter is a television with the evening NEWSCAST, which shows the TRW building. Firehoses are putting out the burning "eyes." Police swarm the area.

Tyler brushes the paycheck through Jack's hair, then sets it on the counter.

TYLER
You had a very good day at work, didn't you, dear?

Tyler uses a wet sponge to clean off Jack's wounds. He applies bandages and antiseptic.

TYLER
I think you worked a little too hard.

JACK
I also have a whole stack of airline flight coupons.

Jack nods toward his pants on the floor. Tyler digs into the pocket, pulls out a thick bundle of rectangular cards. He looks at them with intense interest, then sets them down.

Jack's attention has gone back to the television. An expression of dejection comes over his face.

JACK
Tyler ... why didn't you tell me about "Project Mayhem?"

TYLER
I did -- tonight.

JACK
Oh. Great. We started fight club together, as partners -- but now you start this madness and you expect me to be a part of it.

TYLER
You are a part of it.

JACK
No. Count me out.

A tense, hostile look between them. Then, Tyler's attention is caught by the REPORTER.

REPORTER
The police commissioner himself has come down here ... just a second ... excuse me, Sir, could you tell us what you think this is?

The POLICE COMMISSIONER, a wrinkled man with baleful eyes, turns to the camera.

POLICE COMMISSIONER
We believe this incident is related to the other recent acts of mischief and vandalism around the city. It's some kind of organized group. And we're investigating it thoroughly.

Jack looks at Tyler. Tyler's eyes are cold and harsh. He turns off the TV and leaves the room. Jack lets his head rest against the wall behind the tub, sighing.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack lies on a mattress on the floor. Asleep, he writhes around, very unsettled.

INT. TYLER'S ROOM - SAME (JACK'S DREAM)

MOONLIGHT through the window casts a dim illumination into the dark room. Tyler and Marla, naked, barely visible, are in the thick of manic lovemaking -- it seems to be a wrestling match. In between screaming at each other, they both groan in ecstasy. They choke and slap and bite each other, they slam against walls, against the floor, against the bed frame. -- Yet, it all looks like a beautiful ballet, somehow.

TYLER
You worthless piece of shit!

MARLA
You festering disease!

TYLER
You slimy discharge!

MARLA
Butt wipe!

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Jack sits at the table, sipping coffee, wrapping soap bars. FOOTSTEPS from the staircase. Jack smiles toward the archway.

JACK
You won't believe the dream I had last night.

Marla walks in, straightening her dress. She looks like she's been through a hurricane. Some of her hair is matted against her head by sweat, some of it is sticking out wildly. Jack gapes at her in hostile shock. She cracks a coy smile at him as she pours herself a cup of coffee. She takes a big gulp, GARGLES and spits it out into the sink. Then, she sips from the cup. She puts a hand on his shoulder, then strokes his hair. He pulls back from her.

JACK
What the fuck are you doing here?!

Marla throws the cup into the sink and it shatters.

MARLA
Well, fuck you, too!

She kicks open the door to the backyard and walks out. Through a window, Jack watches her stomp across the lawn to the sidewalk and then down the street.

Jack turns and -- Tyler is at his shoulder, also staring after Marla. He's in his usual sweatpants. He grins at Jack.

JACK
You really were having sex with her last night.

TYLER
Every night.

JACK
Every night?!

TYLER
Since that night she O.D.'d on pills and you fell asleep at the Scrabble board.

JACK
Unbelievable.

JACK (V.O.)
I Am Joe's Raging Bile Duct.

TYLER
Hey, you said you weren't doing her. Besides, she's a wild, twisted bitch. That's more my playing field.

JACK
You mean I'm too "NICE" for her?! Is that it?!!

TYLER
You tell me.

JACK
Why did you keep it a secret?

TYLER
Because I thought you'd have a bullshit reaction like this. Jealousy.

JACK
I'm not jealous!

JACK (V.O.)
I Am Joe's Enflamed Flaring Nostrils.

TYLER
Is this going to be a problem for you?

JACK (V.O.)
Put a gun to my head and paint the wall with my brains.

JACK
No. It's fine, great, neat.

Tyler abruptly grabs Jack's shoulders.

TYLER
Don't ever talk to her about me. I can't stand that kind of shit.

JACK
I won't.

TYLER
You promise?

JACK
I promise.

Tyler gets right in Jack's face.

TYLER
If you ever mention me to her, I'll find out about it. And you'll never see me again.

JACK
I said I promise.

TYLER
Promise?

JACK
Yes -- I promise.

TYLER
That was three times you promised.

Tyler leaves the kitchen through the archway. Jack stands motionless, staring after him. He collapses into a chair, raises his cup of coffee, then HURLS it into the sink, shattering it. His face reddens with boiling rage.

JACK (V.O.)
I Am Joe's White Knuckles.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Fight club in full swing. Jack enters the center with a beautiful teenage BOY. They begin to spar and it's obvious the Boy is without a clue. But Jack allows the Boy to pound him.

JACK
That's it. Get it out, get it all out. You'll feel a lot better, trust me.

Jack takes a few more punches, then, suddenly he proceeds to BEAT the SHIT out of the Boy with a viciousness heretofore unseen. The crowd shouts maniacally, save for Tyler, who watches with an inscrutable stone face.

The Boy tries to say something, but Jack pounds him too hard. Blood flies everywhere. The crowd becomes QUIETER. Finally, the Boy, on the floor, is clearly unconscious. Jack stops, stares at him, utterly without remorse -- numb. The crowd seems a little spooked. Tyler scans all the faces, then looks at Jack.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Tyler and Jack walk through the pools of streetlight.

TYLER
Are you going to talk about it?

JACK
I felt like destroying something beautiful.

TYLER
How do you feel now?

JACK
Like shit. I didn't catch a buzz from it. Fuck fight club. I'm finished with it. And fuck you and fuck Marla. You can have her move in with you. I'm going to get my own place. I'm sick of this shit!

TYLER
Excellent.

A WHITE CAR screeches to halt near them. A VALET PARKER gets out of the car, smiling through broken teeth and mashed lips. He tosses the keys to Tyler.

VALET
There you go, Mr. Durden.

JACK
"Mr. Durden?"

Tyler opens the passenger door.

JACK
Where are we going?

Tyler gently pushes Jack inside.

INT. WHITE CAR - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

RAIN GUSHES down. Tyler drives. Jack sits slumped in the passenger seat. They are BARRELING down a two-lane HIGHWAY, intermittently illuminated by oncoming headlights.

TYLER
Recognize this make and model of car?

JACK
Yeah. It's made my company. The front seat mounting bracket never passed collision tests.

Tyler pulls the car into the opposite lane. HEADLIGHTS in the distance get closer very, very quickly.

JACK
What are you doing?!

The oncoming car gets closer and closer, honking and flashing its lights.

JACK
TYLER! TYLER!! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?!!

The oncoming car finally swerves to the other side of the road.

TYLER
If you died right now, how would you feel about your life?

JACK
Look, could you just get back to the right side of -- ?

Another oncoming car flashes its lights and honks. It gets closer and closer.

JACK
Holy shit! HE'S NOT GOING TO TURN!

But the car swerves at the last second.

JACK
I would feel NOTHING about my life!
Is that what you want to hear?!

TYLER
I want to hear the truth.

JACK
Well, that's the truth!

TYLER
Have you ever hit bottom?

And -- an oncoming TRUCK honks and flashes its lights. It moves to the other side of the road. Tyler steers there, too. The truck moves back; Tyler moves back. More honking and flashing. The truck moves; Tyler moves.

JACK
Yes! I've hit bottom!

TYLER
Tell me about it.

JACK
Before I met you, I almost got a puppy and named it "Entourage."

Just seconds to impact with the oncoming truck and -- Tyler swerves and goes OFF THE ROAD.

TYLER
You don't have any concept of what it is to hit bottom.

Tyler drives the car high-speed, down a hill, straight into a TREE. Both airbags inflate, but the front seat LURCHES forward, loose, causing the men's legs to bang against the dash. Tremendous momentum makes the back of the car whip around and carry it into a ass-over-teakettle ROLL down the hill. JACK SCREAMS in HORROR.

JACK (V.O.)
I'd never been in a car accident.
This was what all those statistics
felt like before I wrote them into
my reports.

The hill goes on further and further -- it's a deep RAVINE. The car finally hits the bottom, lying on its roof. Tyler crawls out and goes around, opening Jack's door. He drags Jack out into the mud. He grabs Jack's face and squeezes it, shaking it.

TYLER
Hitting bottom isn't just a weekend retreat. It's not a seminar. Only after you've lost everything are you free to do anything. Do you get it? Do you?

JACK
I want to die. I am nothing in the world compared to you. I am helpless. I am stupid and weak and all I do is want and need things. I can't be anything better than that tiny life I used to have. I am my little shit job. I am my condo and my Swedish furniture. I am SHIT!

Tyler boisterously slaps Jack's back.

TYLER
You just had a near-life experience.

EXT. RAVINE - LATER

Tyler and Jack, getting DRENCHED in the rain, hike up toward the road, panting heavily.

TYLER
Look at all of us in fight club. The strongest and smartest men who have ever lived -- and they're pumping gas and waiting tables; or they're slave with white collars that are really neck shackles. Advertising has these people chasing cars and clothes they don't really need. A whole generation working in jobs they hate, just so they can buy what they don't really need. We're the middle children of history, with no special purpose or place. We don't have a great war in our generation, or a great depression. The great depression is our lives. The great war is a spiritual war.
(MORE)

TYLER (CONT'D)
We were raised by television to believe that someday we'll all be millionaires and movie stars and rock stars -- but we won't. And we're learning that fact. And we're very, very pissed-off. You have to understand that it's time to move beyond fight club -- to something far bigger.

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Tyler and Jack walk on the shoulder.

TYLER
Project Mayhem will knock over the pillars of civilization like dominoes. It will bring about a prematurely-induced dark age. It will force humanity down to the level of basic, primal survival.

INT. TYLER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Dozens of CANDLES illuminate the room. Rain LOUDLY pelts the house. Jack and Tyler, still in their wet clothes, kneel on the floor near the brightest candle.

Slowly, Tyler turns Jack's hand so the backside is facing upward. He reaches over, grabs a can of lye and opens it.

JACK (V.O.)
Lye -- the crucial ingredient for making soap. A paste of lye and water can burn through an aluminum pan. A solution of lye and water will dissolve a wooden spoon. Combined with water, lye heats to over two hundred degrees.

Tyler licks his lips until they're gleaming wet. He takes Jack's hand and KISSES the back of it. The saliva shines in the shape of the kiss. Tyler poises the can of lye over Jack's hand.

TYLER
This is a chemical burn, and it will hurt more than you've ever been burned.

Tyler pours a bit of the flaked lye onto Jack's hand. Jack's whole body JERKS in a spasm of pain. Tyler holds tight to Jack's hand. Tears well up in Jack's eyes; his face tightens in excruciating pain.

JACK (V.O.)
Tyler's saliva did two jobs. Like water, it made the lye heat up. And the wet kiss on the back of my hand held the flakes of lye while they burned.

TYLER
Look at your hand.

Jack looks -- the burn mark is swollen red and glossy as a pair of lips in the exact shape of Tyler's kiss.

JACK (V.O.)
The lye clinging in the exact shape of Tyler's kiss was a bonfire or a branding iron or an atomic pile meltdown on my hand at the end of a long, long road I pictured miles away from me.

Jack takes his gaze off his hand and his eyes become glazed and detached.

TYLER
Pay attention because this is the greatest moment of your life.

JACK (V.O.)
My hand began to leave, tiny on the horizon at the end of the road.

TYLER
Come back to the pain.

JACK (V.O.)
Guided meditation worked for cancer, it could work for this.

TYLER
Don't shut this out.

JACK (V.O.)
I didn't think of the words "pain" or "searing flesh" or "charred tissue." I went back to Ireland, the trip I made the summer after I left college.

TYLER
This is the greatest moment of your life and you're off somewhere, missing it.

JACK (V.O.)
In Ireland. Long before I ever met Tyler Durden, I had my own little anarchy, my own little act of rebellion. I pissed on the Blarney Stone. I pissed my fancy American piss, yellow and rich with too many vitamins.

TYLER
Someday, you will die. And until you know that, you're useless to me.

JACK (V.O.)
Then, suddenly, I was back in a rented house on Paper Street with Tyler Durden. The pain in my hand was like nothing I'd ever felt in my life.

Jack looks at Tyler and they lock eyes in a stare. Jack's face spasms from the brutal pain, but he forces himself to endure it. Tyler's eyes fill with tears and he smiles.

TYLER
Everything up to now is a story and everything after now is a story. This is the greatest moment of our life.

They continue to stare at each other a long beat, lit by the SUNRISE through the windows.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

The POLICE COMMISSIONER walks his dog. There are about FOURTEEN other pe8ple in the vicinity, ALL of which have the telltales bruises and wounds of fight club. Some stay on lookout while a smaller GROUP -- including Jack, Bob and Ricky -- all of whom wear ski masks -- CONVERGES on the Commissioner and drags him behind bushes.

The men hold the Commissioner down. Jack pulls down his pants. Bob snaps a rubber band, then reaches down to the crotch of the Commissioner.

TYLER
Wrap it around the top of his ball sac.

Ricky holds a knife to the Commissioner's testicles. Tyler leans in and whispers in the Commissioner's ear.

TYLER
You're not going to continue your "rigorous investigation." You're going to publicly state that there is no secret underground group. Or else -- imagine, the rest of your life with your ball sac flapping empty.

COMMISSIONER
No. Please. Stop. Please.

TYLER
We'll send one ball to the New York Times and one ball to the Los Angeles Times. Sort of press release style.

Ricky makes a dramatic cut with the knife -- he holds up the severed RUBBER BAND.

TYLER
Remember this. The people you're trying to go after, we're everyone you depend on. We're the people who do your laundry and cook your food and serve your dinner. We guard you while you sleep. We drive the ambulances. We process your insurance claims and credit card charges. We control every part of your life. So don't fuck with us.

EXT. PAPER STREET - LATER

Jack and Tyler walk towards Tyler's house. Jack has a blank, numb expression. Tyler looks over, studies Jack's face a beat, then puts an arm around Jack's shoulder. Jack does not respond to the touch.

TYLER
(a kinder tone)
Picture yourself in the world I see ahead of us -- you're stalking elk through the damp canyon forests around the ruins of Rockefeller Center. You'll wear leather clothes that will last you the rest of your life.

(MORE)

TYLER (CONT'D)
You'll climb the wrist-thick kudzu vines that wrap the Sears Tower. You'll see tiny figures pounding corn and laying strips of venison on the empty car pool lane of the ruins of a superhighway.

Jack's expression doesn't change.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack tosses around in bed with his eyes half-shut. Sounds of THUMPS and CRASHES from beyond the wall, along with Tyler's and Marla's VOICES, SNARLING. Finally, Jack raises himself up and PEEKS through a CRACK in the wall.

JACK'S POV - THROUGH CRACK - TYLER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the dim moonlight, Tyler and Marla, naked, circle each other. Tyler shoves her against a wall and forces her to her knees. He grabs her hair and yanks on it, moving her toward his crotch.

TYLER
Choke it down, bitch!!

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack grips the bedframe as he watches, grips tighter and tighter, causing his knuckles to go white.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - LATER

Jack wakes up, choking. A FOOT is on his throat. It's Tyler, naked, standing with one leg on the floor. He points to the crack in the wall.

TYLER
Got a pretty good view from here? How was it? Was it as good for you as it was for Marla? As it was for me? Want to join us? Hm? Want to join us?

Pause. Jack grabs Tyler's ankle to move his foot. Tyler rests his foot on the bed. Jack keeps his grip on the ankle. He stares at Tyler, breaking into a sweat.

TYLER
Are you seriously considering it?

Jack roughly shoves Tyler's foot aside.

JACK
Get out of here.

Tyler reaches down and slaps Jack's stomach, chuckling. Then, he leaves the room. Jack lies frozen in cold sweat.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Jack sits at the table, reading a magazine. His face is stoic. Marla traipses into the room, wearing a sleeveless blue dress made of some shiny material, looking very sexy in a dishabille way. Jack gives her a glance, gets a bit aroused and snaps his eyes back to his magazine.

Marla moves very close to Jack and She props a leg up on a stack of magazines near him; lights a cigarette. She's not wearing underwear. Jack starts to get more aroused, but fights it.

JACK
This is my morning ritual. I have coffee, read a magazine -- by myself. Do you have to muscle in on every part of my life?!

MARLA
Yeah, I think I do.

She salaciously pulls the hemline further up her leg.

MARLA
I got this dress at a thrift store for one dollar.

JACK
It was worth every penny.

She leans in very close to his ear and whispers hoarsely:

MARLA
You can borrow it sometime.

JACK
That's hysterical.

Marla begins to do a slow, exotic dance around the kitchen, sometimes moving very close to Jack, sometimes moving away. She lifts her dress dangerously high -- does she expose herself? -- hard to tell. Jack keeps glancing up from his magazine, then snapping his eyes back to the text. He tries to maintain his detachment, but he's getting hotter and hotter.

MARLA
It's a bridesmaid's dress. Someone loved it intensely for one day, then tossed it. Like a Christmas tree -- so special, then, bam, it's on the side of the road with tinsel still clinging to it.

Marla sits down next to him.

MARLA
What about when we think another person is special? What makes us like or love another person? Do we see something special that's really there, in another person? Or do we project an ideal onto the person and love our ideal?

Jack looks at her, deeply-stirred and provoked. He stands, goes to pour himself another cup of coffee. He leans against the counter and stares into a CRACKED MIRROR on the wall.

JACK
Marla?

Marla comes up behind him, sits on the counter. They are looking at EACH OTHER'S REFLECTION.

JACK
Let's say a person is a real strong leader type. What makes him go out and find a follower?

MARLA
Maybe the follower found the leader. Maybe the follower is the leader. It's all very hazy and confusing. It's a real sick relationship.

JACK
It is?

MARLA
Obviously. You don't think I know it?

Jack moves to the archway, leans against one side of it and we

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

-- Which is now in Jack's FIELD OF VISION, along with the KITCHEN. Tyler, naked, staring at Jack, leans against the railing of the SECOND FLOOR LANDING, which obscures his lower body. Jack becomes extremely uncomfortable. He licks his lips.

JACK
Well, uh ... well ... in the middle of the confusion, is there something good and meaningful?

MARLA
There could be. Do you want that?

JACK
Yes.

MARLA
So do I.

JACK (V.O.)
We were both talking about Tyler. I came so close to saying his name. I prayed she didn't.

Jack looks away from her to Tyler.

TYLER
(to Jack)
Boy, she really put me through the blender last night. Well, hell -- you saw it all, didn't you?

Marla cannot hear Tyler. Jack talks to Marla in with softness that keeps Tyler from hearing him.

JACK
You really feel any trust in the relationship?

MARLA
Maybe. A little.

TYLER
I'm lucky it didn't fall off.

MARLA
What about you?

JACK
I don't know.

TYLER
Better not be talking to her about me.

MARLA
Well, you'd better take a good look at that.

TYLER
Get rid of her. Tell her to walk home.

MARLA
Who do you think is <u>really</u> the strong one? You? Or --

Jack's eyes flash with fear that she'll say the forbidden name -- he cuts her off:

JACK
You can walk home.

Marla glares at Jack with horrible fury. Then, she coldly composes herself and strides with dignity toward the back door. She turns back with a flair.

MARLA
Go fuck yourself -- and I mean that sincerely -- because that's probably how you like it best.

And out she goes. Jack watches her stomp through the backyard and out to the sidewalk. He turns and Tyler, now in sweatpants, is right at his shoulder. Tyler, grinning, takes Jack's hand and leads him toward the basement door.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Tyler leads Jack down the steps to show him -- triple-decker bunks all over the basement, as many as can fit into the space.

JACK
Wh - what's this for?

From upstairs, the sound of the DOORBELL. Tyler grins at Jack.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack opens the door. Ricky stands on the porch, staring blankly ahead in subordinate military style. He's dressed in black pants, black shirt, black shoes. He holds a brown paper bag. An army surplus mattress sits in a tied-up roll at his feet. Tyler steps past Jack and speaks very softly to Ricky:

TYLER
I'm sorry. You're too young to train here.

Tyler steps back inside and shuts the door.

JACK
"Train" here?

TYLER
That's right. Project Mayhem is moving to the next step -- a fully-functioning army.

JACK
Army. Great. Terrific. And Ricky's too young?

TYLER
It doesn't matter. If the applicant is young, we tell him he's too young. Old, too old. Fat, too fat.

JACK
You don't want anyone to qualify?

TYLER
This is how Buddhist temples tested applicants going back for bah-zillion years. If the applicant waits at the door for three days without food, shelter or encouragement, then he can enter and begin training.

EXT. PORCH - SAME

Jack steps out the door, faces Ricky.

JACK
Ricky, what's going on here? Ricky? Talk to me! RICKY?!!

It's clear there will be no response from Ricky, who's like a statue. Jack goes back inside, closes the door.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Ricky stands in the same spot. Jack bursts out with a broom, knocks the brown paper bag out of Ricky's hand, kicks it off the porch. Ricky remains in place, motionless.

JACK
Get the fuck out of here! There's not going to be any fucking army!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack comes back inside, seething. Tyler, drinking coffee, saunters to him.

TYLER
Very good.

JACK
What's very good?

TYLER
You play bad cop, I play good cop.

EXT. PORCH - MORNING

Ricky in the same spot. Tyler slinks out the front door, smiling.

TYLER
I'm sorry about the misunderstanding. Look, friend, you're too young. It's not the end of the world. Just go away. Nothing personal, but I'm going to have to call the police. You're trespassing.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Ricky, same spot. Jack bursts outside with the broom again. He WHACKS Ricky in the shoulder.

JACK
YOU'RE NEVER GETTING THROUGH THIS FUCKING DOOR, YOU STUPID LITTLE WEASEL!!

INT. JACK'S ROOM - LATER

Jack drinks a beer, smokes a cigarette and stares down at the PORCH, which he can see from a sideward/downward angle. Ricky stands in the same spot.

JACK (V.O.)
I couldn't believe it. The bastard was going to stick it out, no matter what.

INT. TYLER'S ROOM

Jack bursts inside, rousting Tyler out of bed.

JACK
I want to know what this all about, Tyler! Why do you want an army?!

TYLER
The first rule of Project Mayhem is you don't ask questions.

JACK
So, I'm just another lackey obeying you, right?!!

TYLER
Nobody is a lackey. Everyone is a useful part of the whole.

JACK
How many people are going to show up here besides Ricky?

TYLER
Don't call him Ricky. No one in Project Mayhem has names.

JACK
Oh, really? What about you? Aren't you "Mr. Durden?"

TYLER
You may call me that, if you like.

JACK
I may call you fucking piece of shit! I thought we were supposed to be partners in this!

TYLER
The second rule of Project Mayhem is you trust Tyler Durden.

Jack SLAPS Tyler. Tyler has no reaction. Jack lunges out of the bed and PUNCHES Tyler. Tyler staggers back, but still doesn't react.

TYLER
I let you hit me because we go back, you and me.

JACK
We go back to WHAT?! We don't go back to anything and we're not going TO anything!!

TYLER
(continuing)
-- But, in the interests of maintaining leadership comportment, I'll have to forbid any more attacks on my person.

JACK
Forbid this.

Jack takes a swing at Tyler. Tyler deftly parries it then puts a fast, skillful hold on Jack, throws him onto the floor and gets on top of him. Tyler cuts off the air to Jack's windpipe. Tyler's lip trembles a bit; his nervy vulnerability emerges, his voice quavers with hurt.

TYLER
Do you love me?

JACK
I ...

TYLER
Answer.

JACK
You know I do.

Tyler picks Jack up, leads him to the doorway, shoves him out into the hallway, then closes his door.

EXT. PORCH - MORNING

Ricky's in the same spot. Next to him now is Bob, dressed in black with brown paper bag and Army surplus mattress. Tyler steps out the front door. Jack lights in the doorway, locking eyes on Bob.

TYLER
(to Ricky)
Get your stuff and come in.
(to Bob)
You're too old to train here.
Sorry.

Tyler and Ricky go inside and Tyler slams the door.

INT. 2ND FLOOR LANDING - LATER

Jack stands in the open bathroom doorway, watching Tyler SHAVE off all of Ricky's HAIR. When he's done, Tyler gives the top of Ricky's head a sharp slap.

TYLER
A monkey, ready to be shot up into space, ready to sacrifice for the cause.

And, so, all those with shaved heads will henceforth be termed "Space Monkeys."

EXT. PORCH - LATER

Jack looks out the window. Bob continues to stand, motionless. Ricky comes out the front door with the broom.

RICKY
YOU'RE TOO FUCKING OLD! GET OUT OF HERE!

Ricky WHACKS Bob with the broom several times, then goes back inside, SLAMMING THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

CLOSE ON JACK'S FACE, staring out the window.

VOICE
YOU'RE TOO SKINNY! GET OUT OF HERE!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL a SPACE MONKEY we've never seen before, with the black hair dye job, whacking a SKINNY APPLICANT with the broom.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Jack pulls back from the window. SPACE MONKEYS, all dressed in black, all with shaved heads, are ALL OVER THE PLACE. There are tables set up for them to wrap bars of soap.

JACK (V.O.)
Planet Tyler.

Jack lopes into the

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Where Space Monkeys render fat and make soap. Several, off to the side, stir a large vat of RICE. One of them recites a memorized statement:

FRECKLED SPACE MONKEY
"You are not a beautiful and unique snowflake. You are the same decaying organic matter as everything else. We are all part of the same compost pile."

Jack dips a spoon into the rice vat and chomps on some rice in an irritable way.

JACK (V.O.)
It could be worse. Spiders could lay their eggs and larva could tunnel under my skin.

He moves back out to the

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

And tromps up the steps to the 2nd floor landing.

JACK (V.O.)
I could get hit by lightning and my head could burn down to a smoldering baseball and my zipper could weld shut. It could be worse.

INT JACK'S ROOM - LATER

Jack tosses and turns, unable to sleep. He hears ONE MUFFLED VOICE in conversation from Tyler's room.

JACK (V.O.)
That creepy nervous feeling stayed with me day and night.

He gets out of bed.

INT. TYLER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack, wrapped in a robe, enters. Bob reads a book and makes marks on a chart. All along the floor are baskets; each one is labeled with a number in sequence: "1, 2," etc. The first ten are under a sign that says "WILMINGTON." Then, there's a sign over some that says "NEW YORK," then "CHICAGO," and other cities. There are dozens of BOOKS on FINANCE. Jack looks in basket number "1" and sees the word "CITIBANK" at the top of a page.

He looks at Bob, then at the phone.

JACK
Bob? Were you talking to Tyler?

BOB
The first rule of Project Mayhem is you don't ask questions.

JACK
Come on, this is me, Bob.

BOB
There are no names in Project Mayhem.

JACK
Tyler's been gone for a week. Can't you just tell me -- ?

BOB
The first rule of Project Mayhem is you --

JACK
Right.

Jack leaves the room.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jack barges in among the laboring Space Monkeys. They pinch herbs into the soap mix. They also use vodka. Jack grabs a bottle of vodka and heads out into the

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Where there's a large GARDEN of herbs. Various Space Monkeys tend to it. Jack sits off to the side on a crate. He smokes and drinks from the bottle. Marla steps into the periphery in time to hear some ritualistic recitals:

ALBINO SPACE MONKEY
"I am the all-singing, all-dancing crap of the world."

BRAWNY SPACE MONKEY
"I am the toxic waste by-product of God's creation."

MARLA
What the hell is going on around here?

Jack turns to see Marla approach him.

MARLA
The phone is busy twenty-four hours a day. Who are these people?

JACK
They work for the Paper Street Soap Company.

Marla goes to the back door, peeks into the KITCHEN, watching the Space Monkeys work. Jack moves past her, goes into the kitchen, grabs a wrapped bar of soap. He comes back out, hands her the soap.

JACK
Here. Free sample.

MARLA
Is this a legitimate business?

JACK
What else would it be?

MARLA
A whacked-out cult.

JACK
Try the soap and tell me.

MARLA
You don't think it's kind of weird? Turning the house into a factory?

JACK
If it bothers you, then go.

MARLA
Do you want me to go?

A beat as Jack looks at her.

JACK
No.

Marla touches Jack's hand. He takes her hand and holds it. He leads Marla into the garden and they walk in circles. Space Monkeys get out of their way and go back inside the house. Jack swigs from the vodka bottle and hands it to Marla. She swigs and hands it back. This repeats continuously.

MARLA
I don't go to support groups anymore.

JACK
Your diseases are in remission?

They laugh.

MARLA
Well, actually, I went to a woman's clinic. To check out my breast. To get a biopsy.

JACK
What's the result?

MARLA
Don't know yet.

Jack looks at her, sensing her buried apprehension. He caresses her hair.

JACK
I had cancer for five minutes once.

MARLA
Five minutes?

JACK
Yeah. I was seeing a doctor for something else. It was at a medical school. And I was laying there, naked, in an examining room, and the student doctor saw my birthmark and thought it was this cancer that was just coming to notoriety -- afflicting young men.
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
A whole flock of students and their teacher came rushing in. When I told them it was a birthmark, they all left, disappointed. So, for five minutes, I had cancer.

Marla smiles at him. She kisses his cheek. Jack hands her the bottle. She takes it, but sees the kiss-scar on his hand. She grabs his hand and studies it. Jack tries to pull it back, but Marla keeps a tight grip.

MARLA
What is that?! What kind of shit are you into?! Who did this?!

JACK
... A person.

MARLA
Person? Guy or girl?

JACK
Why would you ask if it's a guy or a girl?!

MARLA
Why would you get bent if I asked you if it's a guy or a girl?

JACK
Well, it was nice to see you --

MARLA
What does it mean?

JACK
It means I'm a werewolf.

MARLA
Wow. You're afraid to even talk about it, aren't you?

Marla kisses Jack's hand, putting her lips right onto the scar, leaving an imprint of lipstick. Jack jerks his hand away from her and starts walking toward the house. He tries to wipe off the lipstick and it smears. He unconsciously licks it off.

MARLA
MMMMMMMMM .... Swallow it.

Jack spins around and looks back at Marla. She smiles coyly and licks her lips. Jack goes in through the back door and slams it shut.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jack staggers through the kitchen, dodging the busy Space Monkeys. Marla tries to enter, but a Space Monkey pushes her back out.

SPACE MONKEY
You're too ... too ... young to train here. Go away.

He shuts the door and locks it.

MARLA
(from outside)
Hey! Let me in!!

INT. JACK'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack flops down on his bed.

MARLA'S VOICE
(from outside)
Okay! Don't let me in! I'm leaving!

There's a beat of silence. Jack sighs, turns on his side.

MARLA'S VOICE
HEY, TYLER!

JACK (V.O.)
After the nicey-nicey chat with me, she wanted Tyler. Everybody wanted Tyler.

MARLA'S VOICE
WHERE ARE YOU?! TYLER?! CAN YOU HEAR ME?! LET ME IN!! TYLER!!

Jack gets out of bed, goes to the window, throws it open and looks down at Marla in the front yard.

JACK
TAKE A FUCKING NUMBER!!

They lock eyes. Marla backs away, grimacing with deep outrage. She runs to the sidewalk and disappears into the night.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Jack saunters in, gets a cup of coffee, stepping around laboring Space Monkeys.

JACK (V.O.)
I had to hug the walls, being a mouse trapped inside this clockwork of space monkeys, cooking and working and sleeping in teams. The house became a living thing, wet on the inside from so many people sweating and breathing. So many people moving, the house moved.

The phone RINGS. Jack's the closest one to it, so all the Monkeys stare at him. He picks up the phone.

JACK
Fuckhead Central.

TYLER'S VOICE
Very funny.

Jack turns away from the others, moves to a corner, talks sotto voce.

JACK
Tyler! Where have you been?

TYLER'S VOICE
Don't ask questions.

JACK
Your girlfriend was here last night, looking for you.

TYLER'S VOICE
I took care of her. I showed up at her place around four a.m. Fucked the shit out of her. Too bad you weren't there to watch.

JACK
Go to hell! -- You were here in town last night?!

TYLER'S VOICE
For a few hours.

JACK
Why didn't you come to see me?!

TYLER'S VOICE
I'm busy.

JACK
Tyler, are you so fucking busy that you can't take five minutes and ... and ... ?

There's a tense pause.

JACK (V.O.)
I Am Joe's Broken Heart because Tyler dumped me.

TYLER'S VOICE
Pull yourself together and shut up and listen. You're going on an assignment.

JACK
Me?

TYLER'S VOICE
Tonight.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

A piece of ART adorns the top of a hill: a metal TOWER, wide at the base and a hundred feet high, in design somewhat similar to the Eifel Tower. At the top is a giant GLOBE made of circular poles and wires. TWO FIGURES cling to the tower, about half-way up, laboring intensely.

MOVE IN ON JACK AND BOB

Working with gelatin squares wrapped in paper, along with wires and metal rods. They both have light brown OIL on their hands. Bob almost drops some gelatin. He recovers it and looks at Jack, red-faced. Even in his temporary panic, he retains fascistic military demeanor.

BOB
I'm sorry. I almost blew us to bits. The oil we have to put on our hands -- so this stuff won't stick -- it makes it hard to keep a grip. I'm very sorry.

JACK
Bob, listen to me. I want to talk.

BOB
My name is not Bob. We have no names in Project Mayhem.

JACK
Tyler has a name.

BOB
We must work in silence.

JACK
Bob, this is me, okay? We used to hug each other every Wednesday night. Remember? Can't we talk?

BOB
My job is what I am doing right now. I will not lose concentration.

JACK
I used to listen to you tell me everything about your life. And I never said anything. So, it's my turn.

BOB
I will do my job in silence.

JACK
Tyler and I were as close as two people can get. Now, I never see him anymore.

Bob briefly looks at Jack with a weird crinkle of his eyes, as if Jack were irritating beyond measure. Then, his face goes stone again and he continues working.

JACK
What? What? Tell me what you think.

BOB
I will do my job in silence.

EXT. PARK - LATER

Jack stands behind some tall bushes while Bob slinks around the base of the tower, making some adjustments. He holds a small metal electronic box with a button -- a detonator. He steps back from the tower, but does not join Jack in the bushes. He presses the button.

JACK
Bob! Get back!

A RAPID SERIES of EXPLOSIONS run from the base of the tower to the top, along the four main structural supports. They are contained, shaped blasts. The tower crumbles straight down. Bob turns to smile at Jack.

BOB
It was a success -- it imploded --
just like a building demolition.

The globe falls free, bangs into the top of the hill and begins to roll. When it gets to the street, it bounces onto the top of a parked car -- and becomes a raised "gutterball" -- it never hits the street -- it rolls over one parked car after another, crunching the roofs.

Suddenly, two POLICEMEN rush into VIEW from the side with guns raised. Bob turns to face them, inadvertently raising his hand with the detonator, which GLEAMS metallic in the MOONLIGHT. The Cops SHOOT. Bob drops DEAD immediately. Jack, choked with shock and horror, flees, unseen by the Cops.

EXT. TYLER'S HOUSE - SUNSET

Jack, panting, white as a ghost, trembling, approaches from the sidewalk. He sees the front door open and four Space Monkeys come out, carrying LUGGAGE.

BIG-EARED MONKEY
(a solemn chant)
We are now the ...

OTHER MONKEYS & BIG-EARED
(unison)
... right hands of Tyler Durden.

Jack steps up onto the porch and sees that they all are holding FLIGHT COUPONS. Jack notices that all of them have the KISS-SCAR on their left hands. They ignore him with military demeanor and walk down to the sidewalk and head for the bus stop.

JACK (V.O.)
Under and behind and inside
everything I took for granted,
something horrible had been growing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack walks inside to see a Space Monkey, BEET-RED but silent, holding out his hands while LYE BURNS the inside of the TOPS of his FINGERS. Other Monkeys sit and await the process.

JACK (V.O.)
They were using lye to burn off
their fingerprints.

INT. TYLER'S ROOM

Jack barges into the room, goes to the desk and rifles through drawers. He finds flight coupons -- both used and unused. The used ones have the flight information, including the destination cities. He stuffs all of them into his pocket.

CLOSE SHOT: SIGN: "LAGUARDIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT."

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jack walks in and sees several MALE PATRONS with FIGHT BRUISES. Jack goes to the bar, sidles next to the bruised men and the BRUISED BARTENDER.

JACK (V.O.)
In every city, I branched out from the airport to downtown and checked bars. And, in each of these cities, there was a fight club bar. Tyler was setting up franchises, all over the country.

JACK
You guys are in fight club?

They stare at him, but don't answer.

JACK
This is an emergency. I'm looking for Tyler Durden.

BRUISED PATRON
Never heard of him. Sir.

He and the other bruised patrons and the bartender WINK at Jack and crack slight smiles.

MONTAGE:

"WELCOME TO" AIRPORT SIGNS -- Atlanta, Chicago, Dallas, Phoenix, Los Angeles."

FACES -- bruised, smiling, tight-lipped.

INT. ANOTHER BAR - DAY

Jack walks in and sits at the bar. The BARTENDER wears a NECK BRACE and has a black eye.

BARTENDER
Welcome back, Sir.

JACK
I've never been to this bar before.

BARTENDER
It's okay, Sir, we can talk. No one's in here. It's always empty the day after fight club.

JACK
Good. Then talk to me. Have you ever met Tyler Durden?

BARTENDER
Is this a test, Sir?

JACK
Yeah, it's a fucking test.

BARTENDER
You were in here last Thursday night. You were standing right there, asking me about how good our security is. And it's tight as a drum.

JACK
Me?! Who do you think I am?

BARTENDER
You're the person who did <u>this</u> to me.

The Bartender shows Jack his hand -- it has the kiss-shaped scar.

BARTENDER
You're Tyler Durden, Sir.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Jack bursts inside, runs to the phone, punches a number. He doesn't bother to turn on the lamp.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. MARLA'S ROOM - SAME

Marla answers the phone.

MARLA
Yeah?

JACK
It's me. Have we ever had sex?

MARLA
What kind of a stupid question is that?!!

JACK
Is it stupid because the answer's "yes" or because the answer's "no?"

MARLA
Is this a trick question?

JACK
Will you just answer it for God's sake?!

MARLA
Oh, I get it. Have we "had sex." You mean, is that all it was? You want to know if I think it was "making love" or just two animals going at it.

JACK
So we <u>did</u> make love?

MARLA
Is that what <u>you're</u> calling it?

JACK
ANSWER THE QUESTION!!!

MARLA
You fuck my brains out, then you snub me in the morning. You love me, you hate me, you show your sensitive side, you turn back into an asshole! How's THAT for answering the question?!

JACK
Oh, God.

MARLA
Is that a pretty accurate description of this joke of a relationship?

JACK
What's my name?

MARLA
Tyler Durden.

JACK (V.O.)
We've just lost cabin pressure.

Jack drops the receiver. He sees a HAND reach down, pick it up and hang it up. It's Tyler. The room is only lit by dim moonlight through the window. Tyler smiles.

JACK
Why does she think I'm you?

TYLER
You broke your promise. You talked to her about me.

JACK
Why does that bartender think I'm you?

TYLER
Because we just happen to share the same body.

JACK
What the hell are you talking about?

TYLER
Here's how it works. Sometimes I control it and you imagine yourself watching me.

INT. BAR BASEMENT - NIGHT (JACK'S MEMORY)

Jack stands near the back of the crowd as Tyler stands in the middle of the light.

TYLER
The first rule of fight club is --

JUMP CUT - SAME SHOT - (ALTERED FLASHBACK) -- it's JACK in the light, talking, behaving like Tyler.

JACK
-- you don't talk about fight club.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING

Jack gasps and wheezes. Tyler grins and nods.

JACK
But we fought -- that first time.

TYLER
You weren't fighting me.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT (ALTERED FLASHBACK)

Jack BEATS HIMSELF UP while the five Guys laugh and cheer.

JACK
My disgusting job! My boss dumping extra work on me! Everything that's broken and doesn't work in my life! Single-serving friends! Swedish furniture! Clever art!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING

Tyler paces, chuckling.

TYLER
When you're controlling the body, you still see me and hear me. But no one else does.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT (ALTERED FLASHBACK)

Jack sits next to an empty seat and "looks" at the blank air beside him, eyes focusing on "someone" close.

JACK
What do you do, Tyler?
(pause; listens to reply)
I mean -- for a living.

Jack listens to the reply, then laughs.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING

Jack has trouble catching his breath.

JACK
What about when we were together around other people?

TYLER
You never talked.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT (ALTERED FLASHBACK)

Jack gets examined by the Doctor -- Tyler is not there.

JACK
Fell down the stairs.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT (ALTERED FLASHBACK)

Jack (Tyler) has his face right in front of the Police Commissioner's.

JACK (TYLER)
We'll send one ball to the New York Times and one ball to the Los Angeles Times. Sort of press release style.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - RESUMING

Tyler sits down on the bed, takes Jack's hand. He presses his lips to the kiss-scar.

TYLER
And when you fall asleep, I get to go places and do things without you knowing about it.

Jack shakes his head in disbelief.

JACK
But you ... do things ... you ... you rent the house.

TYLER.
The house is rented in your name. And who do you think has been running up your credit card bills? Me -- which is to say -- you.

JACK
How ... how did this happen?

TYLER
You were a nothing, a non-entity. You wanted to have a life, to have meaning, to be a man. You created me to do it for you. You wanted Marla, so I took Marla. You were too much of a wimp to do it for yourself. But I made you into a man. I whipped you into shape.

JACK
You mean you're a projection? A disassociative personality disorder? A psychogenic fugue state? You're just my hallucination?

TYLER
Fuck that shit. Maybe you're my hallucination.

JACK
I was in this body first.

TYLER
Who's done more with it? I have an army of men all over the country ready to do anything for me, even die. Everything is in place to begin the destruction of civilization.

JACK
But, if you were created to do what I want -- I don't want Project Mayhem.

TYLER
That's where things changed. I want Project Mayhem. And you'll continue to do what I say. Let me make it clear. If you pull something cute like chaining yourself to your bed -- if you fuck with me in any way -- I'll get Marla. Understand?

Jack quivers with shock, falls down onto the floor, shaking his head, sweating more profusely.

JACK
No. No, it's not possible. Tyler. Tyler ... it's a joke, right?

Jack looks around the room -- no Tyler.

EXT. MARLA'S HOTEL - NIGHT

A cab screeches to a halt by the curb. Jack leaps out and runs up the front steps.

INT. HOTEL STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Jack sprints up the steps, taking two or three at a time. He gets to a landing and turns and runs down to the end of the

INT. HALLWAY

Where he pounds on Marla's door. She opens it. He endures her baleful gaze for a beat, then takes both her hands in his.

JACK
Marla, I'm going to tell you something and it's going to take a tremendous act of faith and trust on your part to believe me.

MARLA
Here comes an avalanche of bullshit.

JACK
-- A little more faith than that.

MARLA
Just spill it, will ya?

INT. MARLA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack leads her toward the bed.

JACK
Look, didn't you notice a big difference between me when we were having sex and when ... we weren't?

MARLA
Did I notice it? You're manic-depressive. It's like a neon sign all over you.

JACK
No. I've got a bigger disorder than that.

Jack sits on the bed, pulling Marla down next to him. They and the sheets and covers slide off onto the floor. Jack keeps his composure and looks into her eyes.

JACK
Tyler is my split personality.

MARLA
Then, who are you?

Jack takes out his wallet, shows Marla his driver's license.

MARLA
That's your real name?

JACK
Yeah.

MARLA
I like the name "Tyler Durden" better.

JACK
Of course you do. Anyone would. It's the name of a superman created by my id. Now, listen, those people all over the house -- they're called "Space Monkeys."

MARLA
"The Paper Street Soap Company?"

JACK
"Project Mayhem." It's all over the country now. All these lost souls ready to die for the cause of meaningless anarchy.

MARLA
Isn't anarchy supposed to be meaningless?

Jack starts to crack, becoming emotional.

JACK
Bob died because of me.

MARLA
Who's Bob?

JACK
And my sleeping has gotten out of control, Marla. I can go out at any moment, like narcolepsy.

MARLA
You're turning into my high school civics teacher?

JACK
This is serious! When I fall asleep, Tyler takes over my body.

MARLA
Okay, I've heard the set-up, so what do you want? You want me to create my own wonder-bitch personality to match? So we can be a foursome and swap partners? Is that what you want?

JACK
I WANT YOU TO FUCKING BELIEVE ME!!

Jack's eyes well up with tears. He turns away from her. Marla's face softens. She strokes Jack's hair, turns his face to look at her.

MARLA
I'm sorry. I just never can tell with you if you're playing a game or not. This split personality thing is pretty hard to believe.

A beat of silence. She squeezes his hand; he squeezes back. He looks at her, working up some nerve.

JACK
I've got to know something. Why did you respond to Tyler? You went for him instead of me -- sexually.

MARLA
I ... uh ... I don't know what to say -- you're Tyler.

JACK
Okay, however you want to say it -- the abusive side of me -- the asshole who treated you like shit and made you leave in the morning. Why him?

MARLA
What kind of game are you trying to play here? You want me to say I'm shit and I deserve to be treated like shit? Well, I AM. And that's how you GOT ME OFF!! AND YOU KNOW IT!!!

Jack stares at her, stunned. He touches her face and she slaps his hand away. He sighs and gets to his feet. He pulls out an airline FLIGHT COUPON and shows it to her.

JACK
I want you to get out of town for awhile. You're in danger. From not only Tyler, but his entire army of Space Monkeys. Whether you believe Tyler's a different personality or not, you're in real danger. Is there someplace you can go?

Marla grabs the flight coupon, looks it over.

MARLA
There's plenty of places I'd like to go -- to get away from you.

Jack holds out a wad of cash. She roughly seizes it from, checks out the amount.

JACK
Good. Leave as soon as possible. Go to a small, rural, podunk little town, away from any major city. Go now. Okay? Please. Promise?

MARLA
You can count on it. And I'm not paying this back -- I consider it "asshole tax" you owe me.

JACK
I agree. More than you know. Goodbye.

Jack stares at her a beat. Marla's expression of rage becomes muddled with confusion over Jack's almost spiritual tenderness. Jack leaves.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Jack walks past desks of PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVES until he sees a private office. He glances down at a business card, then keeps moving forward.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack steps inside the office to see a BENT FIGURE at the desk, digging through a drawer, face OUT OF SIGHT.

JACK
Excuse me. I want you to arrest me. I'm the leader of a terrorist organization that's about to attack the entire country.

The Figure straightens up and we see it's DETECTIVE STERN -- with a mean BLACK EYE. He grins at Jack.

DETECTIVE STERN
Is this a joke, Mr. Durden?

Jack uses all his strength to stifle his utter shock. He forces a thin smile.

JACK
Of course. Everything's going smooth.

Jack gives him a "thumbs up." The Detective gives him the same gesture in reply. Jack leaves the office. After walking partway through the main area, he turns back to look through the glass. Detective Stern lifts a phone and dials a number, staring at Jack.

JACK (V.O.)
I could imagine him calling some Project Mayhem headquarters and reporting my whereabouts. They probably had a wall map of the city to trace my movements with little push pins.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jack steps out into the street. He sees a Space Monkey on the corner, watching him. He looks down and sees another Monkey in the opposite direction, also watching him.

JACK (V.O.)
I feel tagged, like a migrating goose on "Wild Kingdom."

He slinks down the steps and starts off down the sidewalk.

EXT. BASEMENT DOOR OF BUILDING - NIGHT

-- The original fight club location. Jack taps on the door in the rhythm of the signal.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Jack walks into a fight club that's just beginning. The LEADER is in the light.

LEADER
HIS NAME IS ROBERT PAULSON!

And then, like quaking thunder:

ENTIRE GROUP EXCEPT JACK
HIS NAME IS ROBERT PAULSON!

JACK (V.O.)
So now that he was dead, he had a name.

The group REPEATS the chant.

JACK (V.O.)
On a long enough time line, the survival rate for everybody drops to zero.

Jack walks into the ring, doing a manly imitation of Tyler.

JACK
His name was Bob. And he was a friend of mine. And now he's dead. For no reason. Now, get this and get it good -- fight club is canceled. Tonight and forever. All fight clubs.

The Leader steps back, joining the others in the circle around Jack. They stare at him in tense silence.

JACK
I'm Tyler Durden. I started fight club. I'm ending it. Go home. Now. That's an order.
(to the Leader)
This is the pilot chapter. Your job is to send the word out to all the other chapters. Cease and desist.

Everyone continues to stare.

JACK
Some of you have heard of Project Mayhem. Well, it's canceled, too. If any of you see any member of Project Mayhem doing anything -- stop him immediately. They are out of control and must be stopped. So, go home, forget about fight club and forget about me. That's an order. Your last order.

LEADER
Clear the ring for the first fight.

JACK
Didn't you hear me?! I'm Tyler Durden! Get the hell out of here now!

LEADER
Clear the ring for the first fight.

A mass of people swoop in on Jack and pick him up. They carry him over their heads.

JACK
HEY! HEY! I'M ORDERING YOU!
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO OBEY ME!!

EXT. BACK DOOR OF BAR - MOMENTS LATER

The door crashes open and Jack SAILS through the air and slams into the parking lot pavement. The door shuts.

JACK (V.O.)
In a hundred cities, fight club went on without me.

Marla, leaning against the building, stamps out her cigarette and goes to Jack. She starts to help Jack to his feet. His eyes focus on her and open wide.

JACK
Marla! I told you to get the hell out of town!

Jack, still hurting from the spill he took, leans against Marla to stay on his feet. She tenderly strokes his hair.

MARLA
Yeah, well, I decided that you're the one who needs to get out of town -- so, you're going with me. You got another one of these free flight thingys?

Jack catches a glimpse of a SHAVED HEAD, glistening in the moonlight, watching them from behind a fence. Jack grabs Marla's shoulder and shakes it.

JACK
You're going to get out of here now! We're going to get to a bus stop and you're going to the airport.

Though Jack is temporarily weaker than her, he tries to pull her along. She holds him up as they walk.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

They stagger forward, seeing a bus stop in the distance. Jack sees more SHAVED HEADS shining. His eyelids become heavy. He fights to keep them open.

JACK
Pinch me. Bite me.

MARLA
Now? I don't think so.

JACK
To keep me awake, damn it. Smack me in the back of the head.

Marla slaps the back of his head. He straightens slightly, then the eyelids droop again.

JACK (V.O.)
For years now, I had wanted to fall asleep, the sort of slipping off, the giving up, the falling part of sleep. But, now, sleeping is the last thing I want to do.

They reach the bus stop, on a corner. They look down the street -- empty, quiet. Jack almost falls asleep.

JACK
H ... - it ... m ...-ee.

Marla slaps the back of his head again. He straightens slightly. They wait and watch. Jack sees shiny heads in the shadows, closer than before. His eyelids droop again. A bus approaches.

JACK
Thank God.

Jack's eyelids are getting heavier and heavier. The bus pulls up to the stop. The door opens. The DRIVER waits impatiently. Jack shoves Marla onto the steps.

MARLA
You're coming, too!

JACK
No. Go.

DRIVER
What's the hold up? Gettin' on or not?!

Jack steps back. The doors shut and the bus pulls away. Relieved, Jack sinks onto a bench and falls asleep.

INT. BASEMENT - TYLER'S HOUSE - DAY

Jack snaps awake, holding one end of a crate full of GELATIN EXPLOSIVE. He's halfway up the stairs. The other end is being held by a Teen Space Monkey. Startled, Jack almost drops it.

TEEN SPACE MONKEY
Careful. Sir.

Jack forces himself into composure, continues up the steps. He takes another look at the Teen Space Monkey -- it's the beautiful boy he beat up so violently in fight club. Now, the boy has a hard, stoic face.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

As Jack backs into the kitchen, he notices that it's been completely cleared out -- nothing but a bare room. The Space Monkey takes the lead and backs into the

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Also completely cleared-out. Except for one item: a briefcase -- Jack's -- or Tyler's -- they're one and the same -- lying open in a corner with only one bar of soap inside. Jack glances at this sight with a twinge of melancholy.

EXT. TYLER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As Jack and the Teen Space Monkey emerge from the house, Jack sees a line of TEN MOVING VANS on the street. Space Monkeys are moving to and fro like bees. Jack and his partner set their crate into a van and Jack sees that the van is full of these crates. He walks from van to van, seeing each one similarly laden.

JACK
Where are these vans going?!

All the Space Monkeys become silent and stare at him with apprehension. They study him carefully, and some take steps closer to him which are less than friendly.

JACK
I mean -- each one -- specifically.
Sound off! Now!

A wave of relaxation passes over the group and each truck has a Driver Monkey step forward.

1ST TRUCK MONKEY
Chicago.

BIG MONKEY
CODE NAMES!!

The 1st Truck Monkey turns red, then speaks in a louder military voice.

1ST TRUCK MONKEY
SHANGRI-LA!

The rest of the Drivers continue in order, down the line: "Timbuktu, Xanadu, Dodge City, Emerald City, Mayberry ..." Jack stops listening as the rest finish. Doing his best Tyler imitation, he does a curt nod.

JACK
And what about THIS city?

BIG MONKEY
"Ground Zero." The local team has everything underway.
(checking watch)
MOVE IT OUT!!

As the Space Monkeys start to move, Jack clears his throat.

JACK
STOP! THIS MISSION IS ABORTED! IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?! THIS MISSION IS ABORTED!

BIG MONKEY
Give the abort code! Sir!

Jack looks at the Big Monkey and all the others.

JACK
Shit.

The Big Monkey and a couple others start toward Jack. Jack breaks into a sprint. They pursue. The other Monkeys get into the trucks. The lead truck pulls away and the others follow.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Jack runs with everything he's got. The Monkeys stay in close pursuit. Jack takes corners, getting further into an run-down URBAN area. The Monkeys fan out, forcing Jack to turn onto

EXT. MAIN BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS

Jack sprints down the sidewalk, seeing a CITY BUS ahead, stopped. He waves at it frantically. It idles by the curb, waiting. Jack reaches the front doors and they swing open. He leaps inside.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Jack spins around and looks out to the sidewalk. The bus pulls away just as the pursuing Monkeys arrive at the spot. They simply stare, stone-faced, at Jack. He watches until they're far away. Then, he turns to the Driver, dropping coins into the payslot.

The Driver is RICKY, shaved head gleaming.

RICKY
You didn't need to do that, Mr. Durden.

Jack looks at the seats -- about a dozen Monkeys sit, staring at him. At the very back of the bus, in the aisle, are two crates full of gelatin explosive. Ricky speaks into the CB RADIO.

RICKY
We got 'im.

Ricky puts down the radio mike and grins at Jack.

RICKY
Mr. Durden, Sir, I admire you more than ever. You're a brave man to order us to do this to you.

Ricky pulls the bus into an alley and stops. The Space Monkeys stand up and grab Jack. One has a knife, another has a rubber band. They pull him to the back of the bus.

JACK (V.O.)
I Am The Pit Of Joe's Stomach.

RICKY
You know the drill, Mr. Durden. You said if anyone ever tries to fuck with Project Mayhem, even you, and we have to get his balls.

The Space Monkeys force Jack onto the floor.

RICKY
You know it's useless to fight us.

A SIREN gets closer. Ricky and the other Space Monkeys look out the windows. The siren gets right to the bus and there's a sound of car doors opening and closing.

COP'S VOICE
Hold up in there.

Jack SIGHS with relief.

JACK
I'm going to have to tell them everything. This madness has to stop.

The first COP, UNIFORMED, climbs onboard the bus.

COP #1
You cut him yet?

RICKY
No.

The second cop steps onboard -- it's DETECTIVE STERN, plainclothes.

DETECTIVE STERN
Let's get to it.

COP #1
This is really a powerful gesture, Mr. Durden. It'll set an example.

Detective Stern takes the knife and leers at Jack.

JACK
Now, listen to me. You're all making a big mistake.

RICKY
You told us you'd probably say that.

JACK
I'm not Tyler Durden.

RICKY
You told us you'd say that, too.

JACK
Okay, I'm Tyler Durden -- and I'm changing the rules. No more castrations.

RICKY
You said you would <u>definitely</u> say that.

THIN SPACE MONKEY
What's our best time for a "cut and run?"

BEARDED SPACE MONKEY
Four minutes.

RICKY
Is somebody timing this?

COP #1
(looking at his watch)
Just a sec. Wait for the second hand to get up to the twelve.

Jack dives for an open window, gets half his body out and screams at the top of his lungs.

RICKY
Mr. Durden, you're going to fuck up the time!

They haul Jack back inside, pull his pants down. One of the Space Monkeys takes the rubber band and reaches down to Jack's crotch. Another has a bottle and a cloth. He pours a liquid into the cloth.

THIN SPACE MONKEY
Here's some ether. You won't feel a thing.

Jack tries to keep his face away from the approaching cloth. He grabs Ricky's arm.

JACK
Ricky! Ricky! It's me! Don't do this!

Ricky yanks the cloth away from the Space Monkey, hesitates, like he might be having second thoughts. Then:

RICKY
We have no names in Project Mayhem!

He slaps the cloth over Jack's nose. Detective Stern takes the knife and moves toward Jack's crotch.

JACK
(muffled)
Noooooooooo!!!!!

CLOSE UP - JACK'S FACE

His eyelids flutter, then open wide. He looks up, then down and GASPS.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL He's hanging by ONE HAND gripping the torn electrical cable from the broken edge of the floor of his OLD BURNED-OUT CONDO. Below him, fifteen stories to the street.

He swiftly slaps his other hand around the cable -- both hands are SLICK with the light brown OIL he and Bob used in the tower demolition.

EXT. BURNED-OUT CONDO - DAWN

The outside walls are gone. Some minor repairwork has begun. Jack groans, struggling furiously to pull himself up onto the floor of the condo where he finds Tyler.

Tyler does a contemptuous imitation of Jack struggling to climb:

TYLER
Ohhhhh! Unghhhh!
(then shaking his head)
Pussy. I could hang on with one hand.

Jack's hand snaps down to his own crotch, feeling.

TYLER
Yeah, you still got 'em.

Jack sighs with relief, then looks over his oily hands and shows them to Tyler.

JACK
What did you do? Where did you put the explosive?

Tyler simply grins. Jack stands at the edge poised to jump.

JACK
I'll kill us both right now.

Tyler comes up to Jack and casually puts an arm around his shoulder. Jack tries to shrug it off and Tyler clamps a tight grip. Tyler pulls two halves of a TORN FLIGHT COUPON out of his pocket and shows it to Jack.

JACK
Marla? WHERE IS SHE?!! WHAT DID YOU DO TO HER?!!

TYLER
Oh, just something to get my point across. Now, chew on this: the space monkeys have standing orders to kill Marla if I'm found dead. So, I think "we" oughta stay alive, hmm?

Jack angrily grabs Tyler's collar, then, suddenly, he softens. He touches Tyler's face.

JACK
Tyler. You're real, aren't you? This is all a big joke, isn't it? You are real, you son of a bitch!

Tears well up in Jack's eyes. He hugs Tyler. Tyler hugs him back, then -- Jack is hugging NOTHING.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jack dashes through the door, looking for Tyler. No one in the hall, either direction.

JACK
TYLER! TYYYYLER!!!

Jack blinks, wiping tears from his eyes, sweating. A Space Monkey approaches him from down the hall, holding up a DETONATOR similar to the one Bob had.

MONKEY
The test is a success, Sir. The signal reaches 500 yards in either direction and goes through steel and concrete. We're ready to move to the heart of ground zero.

Jack struggles to compose himself and imitate Tyler.

JACK
Excellent. Give me the detonator.

MONKEY
But my orders are ...

The Monkey speaks into a WALKIE-TALKIE.

MONKEY
He's acting funny again.

The Monkey starts rapidly approaching Jack and other Monkeys emerge from around the hallway corner behind him. Jack dashes to the elevator, hits a button. As the pursuers get closer, Jack dashes for the stairs.

EXT. CONDO BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Jack emerges onto the sidewalk, sees a few Monkeys here and there. He dashes to a corner, takes a turn and

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Heads down the sidewalk in a sprint. He hesitates at a corner and a TAXI pulls up next to him. Inside is a bald, grinning Space Monkey.

MONKEY
Where to, Mr. Durden?

Jack starts running along the sidewalk. Suddenly, the POWER GOES OUT -- STOPLIGHTS ARE OFF, ELECTRIC SIGNS ARE OFF. People emerge from stores looking around, shaking their heads. Jack stops, looks around, then keeps running.

INT. MARLA'S HOTEL - HALLWAY

Jack runs to Marla's door, bangs on it.

JACK
Marla? Are you in there? Marla?!!

A grumpy TENANT leans out another doorway.

TENANT
Enough already. She's not home.

EXT. ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL - LATER

Panting like crazy, Jack slows to a walk and heads for the EMERGENCY ROOM entrance. He looks behind him -- no one on this tail.

INT. E.R. - CONTINUOUS

Jack stands at a reception counter, waiting for a NURSE to check records.

NURSE
Here she is. Marla Singer. Checked out late this morning.

JACK
You know where she went?

NURSE
How would I know that?

Jack sighs in frustration. The Nurse picks up a printed FLYER from a stack and hands it to Jack.

NURSE
She picked up one of these.

Jack looks at the flyer. It's a listing for support groups with addresses and times -- but all are for BATTERED WOMEN. Jack's finger rests against the listing for today's meeting -- at 3 PM. He looks at the clock and dashes out the door.

EXT. ST. JOHN'S FRONT AREA

Jack goes up to a taxi, opens the door. The Driver, wearing a cap, looks at him.

JACK
Take off your cap.

DRIVER
What the hell?

Jack reaches in and takes off the cap -- the Driver's head is thick with hair. Red-faced Jack hands him the cap back.

INT. TAXI - MOVING - LATER

Jack looks out the window, watching as the cabbie approaches a stoplight. It GOES OUT.

CABBIE
Shit.

He whips the car into a sharp turn and goes down a side street. Suddenly, the stoplight ahead also GOES OUT.

CABBIE
I can't believe this! Power all over the city goin' out.

The cabbie blasts through the intersection. Suddenly, a DESK SMASHES into the sidewalk ahead of them. Then, a COMPUTER. Jack looks up and sees a broken WINDOW in an upper level of an office building. Space Monkeys are throwing out office furniture. A FILE CABINET rockets forward, opening in mid-air, sending paper everywhere before it BANGS on the pavement.

CABBIE
What the fuck is going on around here?!

A desk hits the sidewalk on the other side. Jack moves, looks and sees a similar occurrence from another office building. Two more windows BURST OUTWARD and send desks with cascades of broken glass down to the pavement. Behind Space Monkeys stand CHEERING, GLEEFUL OFFICE WORKERS.

The cabbie takes a corner and comes to a total traffic jam. Windows are broken out of dozens of buildings and more are breaking, right and left. Every conceivable kind of office furniture sails to the streets below. Space Monkeys can be seen with happy, collaborating, liberated office workers.

On this street, most of the buildings have FINANCIAL or BANK names. The cabbie can get no further, so he simply stops and gets out, as does Jack.

EXT. STREET

Jack and the Cabbie look around at the madness. People on the streets are CHEERING.

CABBIE
Shit! It's all the bank headquarters! Does this mean I don't have to pay off my credit cards?

Jack looks at the flyer, takes off in a run down a side street.

EXT. CHURCH - LATER

Jack runs up to the front door and goes inside.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jack steps into the doorway. The room is in near-darkness from the power outage. It gets a little sunlight from small windows. There are candles lit here and there.

In the center is a small group of women sitting in folding chairs, speaking quietly. They all stop and look at Jack. Jack scans the faces until he sees Marla, one side of her face discolored by a nasty bruise, offset by two thin bandages.

Marla rises and steps toward Jack; he slowly steps towards her, his face apprehensive.

JACK
Marla ... what happened?

Marla PUNCHES Jack in the stomach and Jack falls back over a table with a sign-in sheet. Crumpled on the floor, he gasps for air. The rest of the women have gotten out of their seats and are approaching the scene. As Jack starts to sit up, Marla KICKS him in the side.

The Leader and a couple other women advance on Marla and gently restrain her.

LEADER
Don't.

JACK
Yes -- let her. Hit me again, Marla.

Marla kneels down by Jack and SLAPS him across the face hard enough to draw blood.

JACK
What did Tyler do to you?

MARLA
Tyler?! TYLER?! "WHAT DID TYLER DO?!!! I'll tell you what you did, asshole! You beat the shit out of me!

Jack's eyes widen and blink -- he's getting a flash.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT (MEMORY FLASH)

Jack watches the bus, with Marla on it, pull down the street. His face is absolutely Tyler with a strong dose of ruthlessness. He signals and four Monkeys emerge and block the bus.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER (MEMORY FLASH)

The Monkeys hold the struggling Marla while Jack (Tyler) leers at her.

JACK (TYLER)
You didn't really believe that crap about a split personality, did you?

He punches her several times -- in the face, in the stomach.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - RESUMING

Jack weeps openly as Marla continues the story.

MARLA
And then the best part. Your fucking "Monkeys" ...

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT (MEMORY FLASH)

The Monkeys strip Marla naked, tie her wrists and use a rope to hoist her so she hangs by her tied wrists from a TELEPHONE POLE.

JACK (TYLER)
(to Monkeys)
Resume your posts in "Operation Domino" immediately!

The Monkeys disburse. Jack (Tyler) leers at Marla for a moment, then darts into the shadows.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - RESUMING

Jack, still dripping tears, gets to his feet and looks at Marla.

JACK
I'm sorry, Marla. And I glad you hit me -- it's the healthiest thing you've ever done.

MARLA
If you feel that way about it --

Marla punches him in the jaw. He staggers back and smiles at her, making a strange sight -- smiling, weeping, bleeding.

JACK
I know you can't believe that I'm a different person than Tyler. But I am. And I love you. And it looks like you're finally starting to see the worth in yourself that I see in you.

LEADER
This is great shit. Everybody pay attention.

JACK
Please let me help you get out of town. You have to stay away. Just for awhile. I'm going to kill Tyler.

Marla looks at Jack, full of deep emotional confusion. She looks at the Leader. The Leader hands her a canister of pepper-spray. Another women hands her brass knuckles. Another woman hands her a knife. Marla turns back to Jack and starts out the door.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Marla walks cautiously behind Jack. Jack looks around at the office buildings -- windows shatter outward, desks and file cabinets plummet, paper sails, employee cheer. The madness continues to grow.

Jack comes to a parking garage. He goes to the booth at the entrance and sees the VALET, who has a black eye.

JACK
(imitating Tyler)
Give me something that really moves.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The Valet brings a SPORTS CAR to a screeching halt, gets out and throws Jack the keys.

VALET
All yours, Mr. Durden.

Jack turns and hands the keys to Marla.

INT. SPORTS CAR - MOVING - LATER

Marla drives along, swerving around stopped cars and the remains of office furniture on the street. The stoplights are out. Other cars are driving recklessly. Jack points to a cross street and Marla turns.

JACK
Take me to the Citibank building, then get on the highway.

MARLA
Why the Citibank building?

JACK
"Operation Domino."

He sounded so "mflitary" that Marla raises the pepper spray, aiming at him.

JACK
No, no, I'm not Tyler ... I think I know what he's doing. "The pillars of civilization with fall like dominoes." Citibank is "number one."

EXT. CITIBANK BUILDING - LATER

Marla pulls to a stop. There's remnants of office furniture all around the area. Windows in the top floors of the building are gone.

INT. SPORTS CAR

Jack sizes up the situation.

JACK
Pull around to the back.

EXT. REAR OF BUILDING

A back door sits open. Jack gets out of the car.

JACK
Okay. Go on.

Suddenly, impulsively, he kisses her on the lips. She raises the pepper spray as she pulls back, but he keeps his lips against hers, kissing tenderly. A little "pfft" of pepper spray comes out, then Marla gives in to the kiss. Jack finally pulls back away.

JACK
I'm sorry for everything. Now, get out of here.

Jack goes into the building.

INT. HALLWAY

He finds the elevators, presses a button.

INT. HALLWAY - 153RD FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jack steps off the elevator. He hears windows SMASHING. He goes into a large

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

And the Space Monkeys immediately come to attention. Their LEADER steps forward.

LEADER MONKEY
Mr. Durden, Sir! We've gotten most of the people off the streets below and there's only a few stragglers in the building. We can detonate with insignificant casualties. But, Sir! You're not supposed to be here, Sir!

Finally, Jack does an absolutely perfect imitation of Tyler:

JACK
The next person who tells me what I'm supposed to do or not supposed to do, I'll kill with my bare fucking hands. I am the leader of Operation Domino. Now give me that fucking detonator. This is my moment and I want to do the honors myself.

The Leader Monkey hesitates, then hands a small ELECTRONIC DEVICE with a BUTTON to Jack.

JACK
Clear the building.

LEADER MONKEY
Yes, Sir!

The Space Monkeys run out of the office. Jack watches through the office door as they get into an elevator and the doors close.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jack comes out of the office and presses the button by the elevators. A different elevator opens. He steps inside.

INT. ELEVATOR

A hand BANGS on the button for "ROOF." Jack looks up and sees Tyler standing next to him, holding a gun on him.

JACK
What, a hallucination is going to shoot me with an imaginary gun?

TYLER
The gun's real. You took it from the team leader when you took the detonator.

JACK
So, I'm holding a gun on myself?

TYLER
Let's not get into a hair-splitting logic debate. This building goes in five minutes. Give me the detonator.

The elevator doors open. Jack dashes out of the elevator.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS - SUNRISE

Jack continues toward the door to the stairs, but Tyler's already there, cutting him off.

TYLER
(mock melodramatic)
You can't run away from yourself!

Tyler puts Jack in an armlock.

JACK
You're planning to blow up all those banks, aren't you? All across the United States, Europe ... Japan.

TYLER
That's right -- in the right sequence. All of them will be wired to go within the week. When the news about this building gets out, that's the signal to blow up the next one. All consumer debt will be wiped out. Then, debtor nations will default on their loans from the United States. Then -- global economic collapse. ... Four minutes.

Sound of HELICOPTERS in the distance.

TYLER
I'm going to have to take us out with the building. We're going to be martyrs for the cause. Project Mayhem no longer needs a leader -- it moves forward like an organism.

Tyler jams the barrel of the gun into Jack's MOUTH. They struggle furious for a beat. Then, Tyler pushes Jack down against a ledge so that he's half-hanging over the side. Jack has to stop struggling. Tyler holds him there.

TYLER
Think of it this way -- we won't really die. We won't grow old. We'll be immortal.

JACK
oor -- ee-ee -- uh -- aa-i --

Tyler allows Jack to tongue the barrel to the side of his mouth.

JACK
(still distorted)
You're thinking of vampires.

TYLER
I'm thinking of us. We'll be legend forever.

Tyler's other hand tries to grab the device. After a beat of this attempt, Tyler checks his watch.

TYLER
Three minutes.

Jack turns so that he can see down -- 191 STORIES. The streets are cordoned off by dozens of POLICE CARS. The barrel almost slips out of Jack's mouth; Tyler jams it back in.

They watch as, from other office buildings on the same block, windows shatter outward and office furniture FLIES OUT into the air and falls -- desks, tables, computers, filing cabinets -- the latter of which open mid-fall and send out THOUSANDS of SHEETS of WHITE PAPER, which fall in lazy circles, like leaves.

TYLER
This is our world now, our world. And those ancient people are dead.

Jack makes a grab for the device in Tyler's hand. He and Tyler get close together in their wrestling struggle. Jack's face goes against Tyler's chest.

TYLER
Two minutes.

Tyler's eyes become fiery with insane fervor.

TYLER
Look at those assholes. They're happy to wreck all these banks. They don't get it -- yet. We're not only taking away their debt, we're taking away their toys, their stereos, their cars, their homes -- they will have nothing but a pile of trash when it's all over! NO MORE CIVILIZATION!!

MARLA'S VOICE
HEY!!!

Both Tyler and Jack turn and lock eyes on Marla, who cautiously approaches.

MARLA
You really are schizo!

Tyler's hand engulfs Jack's hand over the detonator. Tyler's hand squeezes, trying to make Jack's hand press against the button.

JACK
What about Marla?

TYLER
She goes, too.

JACK
Like hell.

At the same time, Jack's hand grips Tyler's gun hand and Jack's finger slides over Tyler's trigger finger and squeezes, trying to force the trigger to pull.

MARLA
DON'T DO IT! I LOVE YOU! YOU!! I see it now!

Tyler suddenly steps back from Jack, in shock. Jack now has both the gun and the detonator. Tyler starts to FADE -- becoming TRANSLUCENT. Jack stares at him, blinking.

MARLA
Tyler's a different person! And I love YOU!!

Tyler fades more and more. He stares at Jack, hurt deeply.

TYLER
Everything I've done ... I've done for you ... to give you power ... to make you a man.

Jack looks around at the helicopters, listens to the sounds of SIRENS, then looks back at Tyler.

JACK
Well, now I am one. So, get lost.

Jack aims the gun at Tyler.

JACK
(very softly)
Bang.

Tyler VANISHES ENTIRELY. Jack's knees buckle and he FAINTS, passing out cold.

INT. PSYCH WARD - DAY

Jack lies in bed, watching the TV mounted on the wall. It shows a news report with videotape of different cities -- Chicago, New York, Dallas, etc. -- with people throwing office furniture out the windows of buildings.

NEWSCASTER
... in cities all over the country, the same insanity. Authorities have not been able to pin point the instigators, but many people reported seeing young men with shaved heads. No one has been caught or charged.

A NURSE with a cap enters, stands beside Jack, lifts his arm and takes his pulse. Jack keeps watching the TV. Then, the Nurse kisses Jack's hand. He looks at her -- she's MARLA.

JACK
What the hell are you doing here? Where did you get that uniform?

MARLA
Stole it out of the laundry room. Here.

She raises a bag, starts taking out jeans, T-shirt, etc.

MARLA
We're getting out of here.

JACK
But ... I have at least three months of treatment, they told me.

MARLA
I'll give you treatment. Let's move it.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Marla leads Jack, now in street clothes, towards an elevator.

MARLA
We're both done with hospitals and doctors. My biopsy came back negative.

Jack squeezes Marla's hand and smiles at her. She smiles back.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Marla leads Jack to the stolen sports car. She puts him in the passenger seat, then goes around and gets behind the wheel. She PEELS OUT.

INT. SPORTS CAR - MOVING - LATER

Marla pulls up to a red light at an intersection near the interstate entrance ramp. A POLICE CAR with flashing red lights pulls up behind them.

MARLA
Shit.

Two COPS get out and move to each side of the car, leaning in the windows, smiling. They take off their caps -- they have shaved heads. The Monkey/Cop near Jack speaks.

MONKEY/COP
Good to see you up and about, Mr. Durden.

He points. Jack's eyes go to the Citibank building, visible in the skyline.

MONKEY/COP
Everything is still in place. We're awaiting your orders, Sir.

JACK
Excellent.

The Monkey/Cops nod, go back to their car and pull away, turning off down a side street. Marla PUNCHES the accelerator and blasts onto the interstate.

Jack grabs her free hand and squeezes. She squeezes back. They give each other an apprehensive look. They both force tentative smiles.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - LATER

The sports car blasts along.

JACK (V.O.)
We were going to discover some new place and give it a name -- the Marla Singer Foothills or the Marla Singer River ... Something, somewhere.

As the car rounds a corner and disappears behind trees, we ...

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE - DAY

MOVE IN ON

EXT. BANK OF AMERICA - MAIN OFFICE

And MOVE AROUND to REAR of building. Two Space Monkeys sit on the pavement near a trash dumpster, sipping coffee, staring with deadpan perseverance at the building.

THE END